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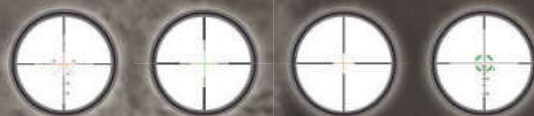


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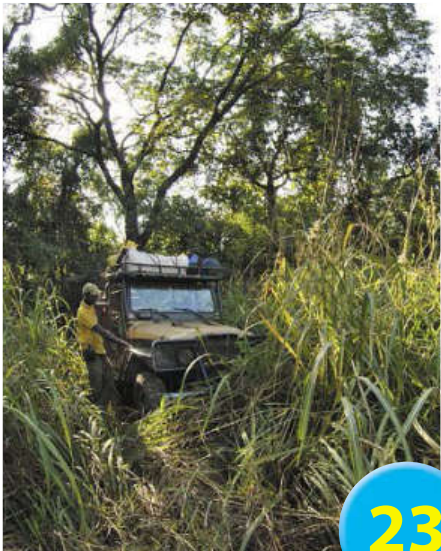
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The Chinese made SAR TO5 9mmP is a sturdy, simple and easy handling carbine for security work. Photo by André Grobler.

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Crime

THE CRIME STATISTICS released in late September raised certain worrying issues, to me the most serious being that, on average, more than 47 people are murdered every day in our country. I think we become so inured to daily news reports of murder and mayhem that figures like this no longer register.

SA's murder rate is about five times higher than the 2013 global average of 6 murders per 100 000, ours being a staggering 32.2 per 100 000. These statistics hark back to those last seen in the early 2000s. In the context of modern European levels, this is shocking – we compare with the most criminally violent societies in the world, on a par with countries most people regard as too dangerous to contemplate visiting – yet we *live* under these conditions.

SA'S MURDER RATE has steadily increased these past few years. National commissioner Riah Phiyega comments that the journey in the fight against crime is a "long one" and police need to do more. This is of little comfort. Of further concern is that doubt has been cast on the accuracy of the latest crime statistics, a situation which can only strengthen the existing perception that the Police cannot be trusted. Public trust in the SAPS is at an all-time low, and as things stand at present there is little likelihood things will improve unless the leadership problem is resolved.

By quoting the above I am not attempting to bash the Police. There are many members doing good work with very limited resources under extreme conditions and they deserve our help and support. It is obvious, however, that at present it is more a case of staying in the fight rather than winning anything.

The state of the private security industry in SA confirms this. It is deemed the largest in the world, with nearly 9 000 registered companies and 400 000 registered active private security guards – more than the SA police and army *combined*, according to one source.

The Private Security Industry Regulatory Authority's (PSIRA) 2013/14 annual

report shows that out of 1 868 398 registered security officers in South Africa, 487 058 were classified as active. This includes people employed in security, active guarding, cash-in-transit and armed response businesses. By comparison, the South African Police Service employs 194 852 people, of whom 103 746 are employed in visible policing and 6 331 in protection and security services. This leaves little doubt that South Africans perceive the creation of a safe environment to be largely in the hands of the private sector rather than the State.

THEN THERE IS the problem of mob justice and vigilantism. Hardly a week goes by that I don't read of yet another such incident in the newspapers. The calls from government, police officials and politicians for a stop to vigilantism, and their warnings that it will not be tolerated, seem to fall on deaf ears. Such situations generally indicate that the normally law-abiding citizens have reached the point where they figure if the police cannot arrest and successfully prosecute the lawless, the chances of vigilantes ending up behind bars when taking the law into their own hands are equally slim. Whatever the rationale, vigilantism is wrong. It simply creates more criminals.

Which brings me to the right of the individual to defend life and limb against criminal attack. Here I must stress that a firearm is just one of many tools that can be used in self-defence. Perimeter walls, fences, gates, dogs, burglar-bars, alarm systems all form part of a defensive system. Everyday household and garden items that can be used as defensive weapons include fire extinguishers, torches, cricket bats, lengths of steel pipe, kitchen knives, hammers, pangas and axes. It sounds brutal, but this is what life in SA has come to.


Learn how such tools can be used effectively against an attacker. And if you own a firearm, learn to become proficient in its use. Think of various possible scenarios in which you and your family may

find yourselves, and try to prepare mentally and practically for this, especially for confrontation by armed robbers. It does little good being part of your neighbourhood watch's security patrol if you have no idea what action would be effective and legal should your patrol have to deal with a violent criminal.

Consider also that revealing yourself as a gun-owner makes you a target for those who desire your firearm for furthering their criminal careers. Even our uniformed police are being shot for their firearms. Carry your handgun concealed (there are some really good holsters available for this) and don't openly carry rifles or shotguns in slip-covers from your car into the house – figure out a way to do it discreetly.

Join your local neighbourhood watch and get out into the streets to see what is actually going on out there. Meet the 'bobbies on your beat'. Learn to know them by name, make friends with them and support them in their thankless job. They will reciprocate with helpful information and warnings.

POLICE AND OTHER crime-watch statistics are available which indicate the suburbs and streets most prone to criminal activity, and at what times of day or night – study these. Many break-ins occur shortly after the morning mass-exodus to work. Most hijackings occur at the gate when people arrive home in the evenings or leave in the mornings – this way the perps get you (as a hostage or to provide them with information), your wallet or handbag, your open car with keys in place and engine running – and the keys to your house. Be aware of this, and plan counter moves.

Unfortunately we do not live in a country where we can trust the State to provide a safe environment in which to live and prosper. It is up to the individual to do whatever he can to make himself and his family safe, and to make the streets safe. A team effort is essential, but it must go beyond that – society as a whole must join forces if this criminal onslaught is to be checked. 



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ARRIVING SOON!

Uncle John's Story

Pedersoli's
Kodiak double.

by JAN DE MAN

I MET 'UNCLE' John Keenan a couple of years back during a waterfowl shoot near Villiers. We both returned the following year, and became friends, sharing hunting stories. This story particularly intrigued me, so I asked Uncle John's permission to share it with *Magnum's* readers. He agreed, so here goes. I shall try to tell it in his words – as near as I can recall.

Uncle John's story begins in 1978 when he became an avid reader of *Magnum*; from that day forth he kept and guarded his every monthly copy of the magazine. It was customary for his son-in-law, Peet, to read the latest edition whenever he came to visit. Uncle John had a good relationship with Peet, but did not realise how good it was until 30 September 2005, when Peet and his family came to visit. As usual, Peet commandeered the latest *Magnum*, and almost immediately asked Uncle John, "Dad, have you seen the advert for buffalo hunting on page 38?" Uncle John laughed it off as one of those things he would do when he wins the lotto. Peet replied that he knew a buffalo hunt had been one of Uncle John's lifelong ambitions, and he would like to give it to him as a present. Uncle John could scarcely believe his ears when he heard Peet phoning Geoff York to make the arrangements.

The next morning, Uncle John thought he'd dreamt it, but there lay the copy of *Magnum* with Peet's notes penned over the advert: "1st to 4th November". Then Uncle John realised that he did not have a rifle of adequate calibre, and a state of semi-panic set in.

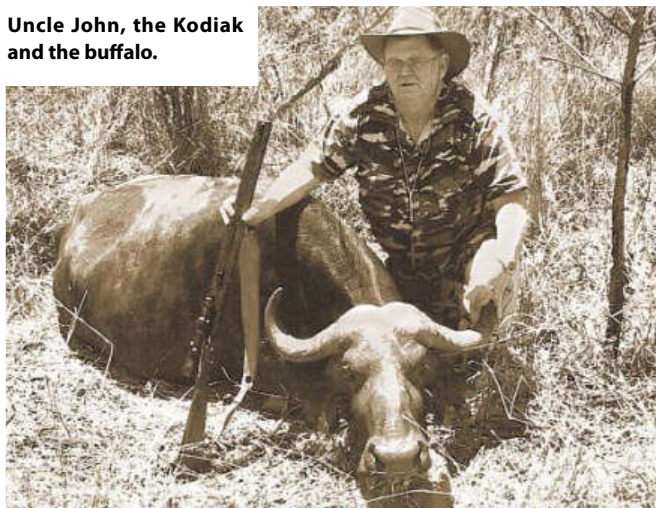
Fortunately he had purchased a muzzle-loader in .45 calibre some time before, and had already obtained the necessary permit and the black powder. It was a relatively simple matter to acquire another black powder rifle in a bigger calibre. I'll let Uncle John take it from here.

"HAVING SPENT all my life dreaming and reading about buffalo hunting and the appropriate calibres to use, Ruark's adage 'use enough gun' was firmly implanted in my mind. I paid a visit to Christiaan Kruger of Classic Arms in Witbank and became the proud owner of a Pedersoli Kodiak Double in .72 calibre. Christiaan advised starting with 120gr of FFG black powder behind their 770gr Minie type bullet, adding that I could safely go to 190gr. After a bit of research, I initially loaded 90gr of FFG behind the 770gr Minie. Although I hit the target at 50m, I was horrified to see how far the holes were from the 'vitals', and how far apart they were. Since I was using open sights and shooting offhand, I thought maybe I was just shooting badly and needed to get in more practice. I was having difficulty trying to focus on the rear sight, the front sight and the target simultaneously, and thought it might be my bi-focal glasses. I decided to investigate the possibility of mounting a scope on the double.

"WHEN I MENTIONED this to friends, I came in for quite a bit of ridicule, but a gunsmith friend in Ermelo took on the job. Two days later Ralph phoned to say he had successfully mounted the Leupold Vari XIII 1.5-5 power scope which I had supplied.

"In the meantime I had calculated the energy based on the information that the velocity was around 1050fps. I was perturbed to learn that this extrapolated to about 1720ft-lbs: Would I not be crazy to take on a buffalo with such low velocity and energy? In my quest to justify my

Uncle John, the Kodiak and the buffalo.



madness, I remembered Gregor Woods's formula for 'relative damage potential' (RDP) values and Pondoro Taylor's formula for relative 'knock-out values' (KOV). I calculated the figures for the .72 using both formulae and found that at this velocity the .72's terminal ballistics were superior to those of the .375H&H, .458Lott, .416 Rigby, .470NE and the .505 Gibbs, all of which I considered more than adequate for buffalo hunting.

MY RESULTS WITH the 770gr bullet were as follows:

POWDER	VELOCITY	COMMENTS
140gr	1028fps	Very accurate, mild recoil
160gr	1098fps	Accurate, moderate recoil
185gr	1248fps	Accurate, wicked recoil

"Considering that all my tests were conducted from a bench, I thought that, in the excitement of the hunt, shooting offhand, even the 185gr charge would be bearable, but if the 140gr charge delivered the goods, why waste powder? The rifle was relatively easy to zero; after 25 shots I was pleasantly surprised to find that, with the scope, my shooting had miraculously returned to normal. I was even more pleasantly surprised that, fired from the offhand position at 50m, the shots from both barrels printed between two and four inches apart.

"Having read of so many Buffalo hunts that went awry, and considering I may need to reload my muzzle-loader in a hurry, I decided to measure off the required powder charges beforehand and carry them in 10mm pill boxes, and the pre-lubed bullets in 20mm pill-boxes. I modified the loops of two .375 cartridge holders to take the powder and bullet pill-boxes respectively so that I could carry them on my belt. My in-line capper I simply hung around my neck on a loop of strong string.

"I COULD NOT wait for the day to come and must have driven my family nuts with my mutterings and ramblings. Eventually 31 October arrived and Peet and I headed off. Geoff had given us the telephone number of Sam Malindiza of Mpumalanga Parks Board to arrange the necessary permit. Sam was

extremely obliging and promised to meet us on the farm the next morning, which he did, and the transaction was concluded.

"We were introduced to our guide, Neto, and we set off. Since we had two days to hunt this buff, I wanted to see the animals before actually hunting one. We drove around for an hour and had fleeting glimpses of several buffalo before coming across a pair standing in the shade of a large marula tree. I was satisfied with what I had seen, so we retreated to the boundary fence where I proceeded to remove all the excess oil from the barrels. After firing five No11 CCI percussion caps through each nipple, I poured 140gr of FFG into each barrel, followed by a 770gr Minie type bullet, and I tamped them down well. To play it safe, I decided to wait until we sighted the quarry before capping the nipples...

"WE DROVE TO the hunting area and then proceeded on foot. The wind was swirling around and every time we got close enough, these huge beasts thundered off. I was amazed that animals of this bulk can disappear into the bush within five meters. After several stalks proved fruitless and the sun was mercilessly beating down on us with temperatures in the mid-40° Celsius, we decided to fetch the bakkie and see if we couldn't use its height to spot the buffalo sooner, so as to plan a more successful stalk. This proved to be no advantage, because although we covered more ground in less time, whenever we debussed, the buffalo either heard us or smelled us and took off again.

"Finally, we saw them cross the road about 100m ahead, at a time when the wind was in our favour. I capped the nipples, gently lowered the hammers, and we began the stalk. Peet, carrying the back-up rifle and cameras, was following just behind Neto and me. Before too long we caught sight of three buffalo relaxing in the shade. The bush was so dense I had difficulty locating the animals and had to look long and hard before I could determine which direction they were facing, even though they were just 25 to 30m away.

"I knew I should ensure that the 770gr lead slug did not hit any major bones as it could flatten out, failing to penetrate, and we'd have an extremely irate buffalo on our hands. Eventually the cow moved slightly and I could see her underbelly where it met the foreleg. I located the elbow through the scope and knew that I had to aim two inches above this for a heart shot...

A Kodiak ready to be loaded.



"I squeezed the front trigger and the right barrel belched fire and brimstone, or so it seemed. When the smoke cleared, Neto said he had heard the bullet strike and it was a good shot. The buff had gone down, but had jumped up again and taken off. Neto wanted to go bounding after it, but I stopped him, saying I wanted to reload. He could hardly contain himself while I recharged the right barrel. After five minutes or so, we started to track. I remember thinking to myself, I hope the lead poison has worked. It is difficult to describe your emotions in such a situation: perhaps a mixture of fear, trepidation, uneasiness, nervousness and excitement all rolled into one. There is definitely an adrenaline rush such as I had never experienced before.

"There was a reasonable blood spoor to follow through the long grass. I was suddenly aware of the number of short thorn-trees that were hooking my clothing and hampering progress. I

I squeezed the front trigger and the right barrel belched fire and brimstone

remember thinking, if this buff decides to come for us now, we are in deep...

"We could hear the buffalo groaning every now and then, so we weren't reliant solely on tracking. The cow travelled about 35 to 40 meters then lay down. Even though we approached with extreme caution, she heard us and tried to get up. I wasn't going to wait around to see what happened; I gave her another shot between the shoulders to finish her off. I remember Peet coming up and saying, "You can relax now, Dad." Only then did I realise that my pulse was racing and I was panting as though I had run a marathon...

"After the congratulations and photos, it took nine of us to load the carcass. We drove it to the taxidermist who operates on the farm. I attended the evisceration and recovered the bullets. My first shot had entered about two inches above the right elbow, broken a rib and traversed the right lung, heart and left lung, apparently bouncing off the opposite rib cage and back into the lung. I say apparently because both lungs had entry and exit wounds, yet the bullet was found in the lung. My second bullet broke the spine and stopped in the lung, though it had broken in two.

"I weighed the bullets: the first retained 724gr (94%) having lost 46gr. The second retained 687.8gr (89%) having lost 82.2gr. In future I will have no qualms about hunting with a muzzle-loader; I realise now that all my concerns and the anxieties were unfounded. This experience was the culmination of 40 years of dreaming and I thank the Almighty for the privilege of having the family I do." ■



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Primer Problem

I have just read "Primer Trouble" in Shooter's Clinic of the October 2015 edition, and wish to add a few thoughts. There is a possibility that the opposite of what you described may be the cause of the cratered and pierced primers. Cartridge overall length (COL) is easy to measure and that can debunk or confirm your theory of too little headspace.

I have seen cratered and pierced primers caused by too short a case as a result of full-length sizing a case too much, also in factory loads that are very close to minimum specification, which they often are, and in cases where a chamber is cut too deep or eroded.

If one loads a cartridge with a slightly loose fit in the chamber, the firing pin impact on the primer will move the cartridge forward, yet the pin will still hit the primer with sufficient force to cause ignition. The firing pin now sits proud of the bolt and when the round goes off the resulting pressure moves the case back, slamming into the firing pin, causing a crater on the primer and even sometimes piercing it. This problem can be solved by neck-sizing cases instead of full-length sizing.

To ensure that my cases grip the steel chamber walls when expanding on firing, I also thoroughly clean my cartridges of all lube after reloading.

Lastly, I have seen hunters make their rifle "safe" by pressing the trigger and carefully lowering the bolt on a chambered round. Are they aware that the firing pin is now forced on the primer and all it takes is hitting the butt on the floor to send the bullet on its way? – **Nick von Bergen, Namibia**

7x57 Typos

I just received the June 2015 issue of *Magnum* and have a couple of comments pertaining to the article on the 7x57 Mauser by Tim Crites. It is

Colombia, not Columbia when referring to the South American country and the .30-40 Krag, not .34-40 Krag. Obvious typo, but still...

I enjoy reading articles about the classic cartridges, especially those which have information about utilizing modern components and powders.

– **Tom Graziano, USA**

Baboon Bandits

I recently finished the September issue of *Magnum*, which, as usual, I thoroughly appreciated. Good content, well presented.

In 'Baboon Bandits' (*Magnum* September 2015) Ivan Smith mentions Gutu as being near the source of the Sabi or Save river. I lived in Gutu for four years as a District Officer, and although the Gutu District is the source of some rivers, the Sabi is not one of them. The Devuli or Dewure river, which is a tributary of the Sabi rises in Gutu. Could this be what the author meant? I enjoyed the article. – **David Bertram, Limpopo**


Leopards: Rifles vs Shotguns

It seems the debate about the choice of rifle vs. shotgun will go on and on (letters from John Coleman and Robin Hurt, August 2015 edition) much like the debates on the merits of the .45ACP vs 9mmP; .375 vs 9.3 etc. So there probably is no definitive answer, and I suppose that the final

choice will be along the lines of 'use what you are most comfortable with'.

Back in the February 2014 edition I innocently enquired whether anyone had tried shotguns with slugs on leopard, and subsequent to that we have had several articles by Gregor Woods – 'Guns for Charging Cats' (March 2014); 'Solid Slugs in Shotguns' (April 2014); 'Hunt with Slugs' (May 2014) – and the overall impression that Gregor gives is that a shotgun slug certainly has enough penetration to be effective on the relatively thin skinned leopard. Thus the pointability of the shotgun must surely make this a viable option.

I would try it myself using my Paradox but we are a bit light on leopard in this part of the UK. Further, if that unlikely situation ever arose, I think I would take a 'belt and braces' approach by having one barrel with slug and the other with buckshot.

– **Lindsay Jamieson, United Kingdom** 



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Shooting Your Ears Off

by **BARBARA BARKER-COBB**



Hearing protection comes in many forms. Even minimal protection by means of ear-plugs can save your hearing in later life. Shooters can wear specialised ear-plugs such as these which do not interfere with the mounting of the firearm.

AMONG MANY US military veterans, who are perhaps the best-documented group of shooters we have, the most common service-connected disability is that of hearing impairment. Consider the young paratrooper in the movie *Saving Private Ryan*, who, when questioned by Tom Hanks, spends the entire scene shouting his answers because he has been deafened by a German grenade exploding right next to him. Likewise, in *Good Morning Vietnam*, Robin Williams takes requests from the troops, like "Bob from Artillery" who doesn't mind what song Williams plays so long as he "just plays it LOUD".

What caused hearing loss in these men, and in you and your fellow gun enthusiasts? For that matter, what is causing that awful ringing in your ears right now? Is it related to shooting or just a random condition that many experience?

The ear is made up of three parts. The outer is the visible pinna and ear canal up to the ear drum (tympanic membrane). The middle ear consists of the ear drum and the three middle ear bones: the hammer, anvil and stirrup (also known as the malleus, incus and stapes). These are contained in an air-filled chamber. The inner ear is the fluid-filled cochlea which contains tiny microscopic sensory hairs.

The auditory (hearing) nerve is attached to the cochlea and relays information to the brain.

Sound waves are trapped by the outer ear and channelled down the ear canal. The waves strike upon the ear drum, much like a musical drum, and the waves are converted into vibrations. The middle ear bones amplify and transmit these vibrations to the cochlea. This causes the fluid in the cochlea to move, which stimulates the tiny microscopic hairs. They convert the vibration to an electrochemical signal which is then transmitted by the auditory nerve to the brain, where it is interpreted and the transmitted sound is "heard" and recognised.

SOUND IS MEASURED in units called decibels. A sound level of less than 75dB is unlikely to cause hearing loss, even if you are long exposed to it. However, sounds of over 85dB have the potential to cause hearing loss. The louder the sound, the shorter the time required for it to cause hearing loss. The pain threshold starts at around 130dB.

Table 1: Typical Noise Levels

Source of Noise	Decibels	Safe Exposure Time
Refrigerator humming	45 decibels	Prolonged Time
Normal conversation	60 decibels	Prolonged Time
Heavy traffic noise	85 decibels	15 minutes
Motorcycles	95 decibels	15 minutes
Ambulance siren	120 decibels	Less than 7 minutes
Jet engine taking off	140 decibels	Less than 7 minutes
Firearms	160 decibels	Less than 7 minutes

Table 2: Average Decibel Noise Levels for Gun Calibres

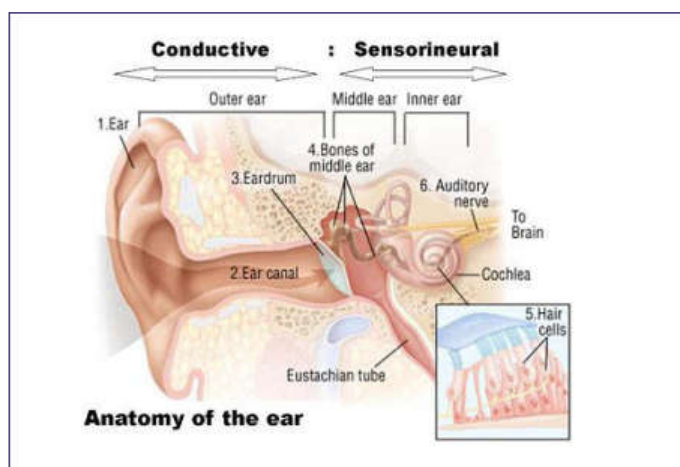
Calibre	Decibel Level
9mm	159.8 decibels
.38 S&W	153.5 decibels
.357 Magnum	164.3 decibels
.44 Magnum	164.5 decibels
45 Colt	154.7 decibels
12 Gauge shotgun	155.0 decibels
M16	160.0 decibels

One shot from a .357 Magnum can expose the shooter to 165dB for 2msec, which is equivalent to over 40 hours in a noisy workplace. Guns fired in enclosed spaces where noise can bounce off the walls or other structures are effectively even louder, increasing the risk of hearing loss.

There are two types of hearing loss: Sensorineural loss and conductive loss. Sensorineural hearing loss is the most common type. It is permanent and occurs when there is damage to the tiny hairs contained within the fluid of the cochlea. When sound levels are increased, the vibrations transmitted through the middle ear bones are magnified causing the motion of the fluid in the cochlea to be so great as to bend the tiny hairs to breaking point. These hair cells are not replaceable, and once damaged are unable to trigger the electrochemical signals to the brain. Damage to the hair cells can be from short but loud noises, such as a gunshot, or repeated and continuous sounds as from construction equipment. The damage caused in this manner is known as noise-induced hearing loss.

Symptoms of sensorineural hearing loss are: difficulty in hearing the volume and the clarity of sounds (noises may

Diagram of the ear shows the 'conductive' outer part and the 'sensorineural' inner part. For shooters, most of the damage occurs in the eardrum and the minute hairs in the cochlea of the inner ear that lead to tinnitus and other hearing problems in later life.



seem too loud or too quiet), difficulty following a conversation when two or more people are talking at the same time, problems listening in a noisy environment, difficulty hearing high-pitched women's or children's voices, difficulty in hearing certain speech sounds during conversation – "s" and "sh" sounds, speech may seem slurred or mumbled, a consistent ringing or buzzing in the ears and a feeling of being off-balance or dizzy.

Conductive hearing loss is less common and occurs when there is damage or a blockage to the outer or middle ear, preventing transmission of the sound waves to the inner ear. Depending on the cause, it can be permanent or temporary. For shooters the most likely cause is damage to the ear drum (tympanic membrane). Symptoms are: difficulty with the overall loudness of sounds, but not the clarity (because the inner ear and auditory nerve are still intact and functioning). Sufferers will find that turning up

Officer directing the firing of a British 25-pounder shows that he is taking some strain from the blast.



the television will be a very simple solution to their hearing loss. Other symptoms: easier hearing in one ear, sensation of pain in one or both ears, difficulty with telephone calls, strange smell coming from one ear and a feeling that one's voice seems louder or different.

SHOOTERS MAY ALSO suffer from temporary hearing loss after a day at the range or in the bush hunting without wearing proper ear protection. The body has a protective mechanism to prevent excessive noise from causing damage to the sensitive organs of hearing. Researchers have found that when the ear is exposed to high levels of sound it releases a hormone called ATP which attaches itself to receptors in the inner ear and temporarily reduces the nerve's sensitivity, which causes temporary deafness lasting a few hours to a few days. The lower the levels of ATP in the body, the more sensitive you are to permanent hearing loss.

"Jimmy who?" Tom Hanks in *Saving Private Ryan* questions a deafened paratrooper whose eardrums have most probably been ruptured by the blast from a grenade.





Serious concern about ear protection is a relatively recent development. Here King George V takes aim at a tiger from a howdah, not showing much consideration for his mahout, or driver, who has to make do as best he can.

This can explain why two people can be exposed to the same noise level but have different degrees of hearing loss or perhaps none at all. However, having increased levels of ATP in no way makes you immune to hearing loss, and you should always take precautions when exposed to excessive noise, which, much like sun exposure, is cumulative, leading to permanent damage if precautions aren't taken.

GOING BACK TO our young soldiers in the movies, what were the most likely causes of their hearing loss? For our man in France, the top candidate is a ruptured eardrum: its thin membrane could not have withstood the extremely loud noise of the detonating grenade, nor the resultant sound waves transmitted to the eardrum, which would have torn. This would also explain the blood leaking from his ear and his difficulty in regulating the loudness of his own voice. It could also be the protective mechanism kicking in, with large amounts of the hormone ATP being released and preventing his ears from picking up further potentially damaging sounds. For the artilleryman in Vietnam, the most likely cause is the repeated barrage of loud noises onto his ear drum, transmitting huge waves through his cochlear and breaking the tiny hair-like cells.

Another hearing-related problem is tinnitus: the perception of a constant a ringing, hissing, or buzzing noise in

the ears for an extended period of time. It can occur in isolation or together with hearing loss, in one or both ears, coming and going over time, and changing from a background hiss to a loud roaring. Tinnitus can be diagnosed by an audiologist by means of a hearing test and physical examination of the ear. There are many causes of tinnitus, but again, noise-induced tinnitus is caused from poor hearing protection and excessive exposure to loud, repeated, prolonged noise. When the little cell-like hairs within the cochlear (inner ear) have been damaged and are bent over, they rub against an overlying structure which causes them to emit the electrochemical signal which is relayed to the brain. However, no actual sound is transmitted through the ear – the brain interprets this impulse as the ringing/hissing noise you experience.

THE GOOD NEWS is that noise-induced hearing loss is completely preventable by the use of a wide range of products varying from the economical earplug to the sophisticated noise-cancelling headphones. These products are only effective when used correctly, and more importantly, used every time you are anywhere near gunfire. The Noise Reduction Rating (NRR) is the hearing protection rating method used in the US, rated on a scale of 0-33 decibels; the higher the NRR, the greater the reduction of the noise level.

Earplugs are generally made of acoustically impermeable materials which are placed in the ear opening to dampen any high-volume noise. They can be disposable or reusable, off-the-shelf ready, or customised to ensure a perfect fit. The NRR of earplugs is around 29dB; for example, if you were

exposed to noise of 100dB and were wearing earplugs, the actual noise level you would be hearing would be 71dB. The recommended NRR rating is above 25.

EARMUFFS COMPRISE a cup that encloses the entire ear, including the bone behind the ear, thus protecting the entire ear from noise, as distinct from earplugs which only partially protect the ear canal. The drawback with standard earmuffs is that they dampen all sounds, making it difficult for the wearer to hear people talking or other important sounds. Earmuffs have a NRR of 27. Combining earplugs and earmuffs will increase the NRR by 5 to 10dB, giving an NRR of approximately 39.



Ruptured eardrum caused by blast damage.

Very sophisticated earmuffs have electronic noise-cancelling technology that adjusts noise to an acceptable level. Very loud noises are reduced, while quiet sounds, such as talking, are amplified. When switched off, they serve as standard (non-electronic) earmuffs. The price does, however, increase drastically with the electronic version.

When shooting, ensure that your spouse, children and other non-shooters are also wearing functional and well-fitting ear-protection and are standing well back from the firing line. Loss of hearing is a terrible affliction; don't risk inflicting it upon yourself or anyone else. ■

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12ga.	Ata Trap Adj. Stock	R23 185
12ga.	Ata Engraved	R24 150
12ga.	Ata Camo max	R17 420
12ga.	Izarms	R 9 750
20ga.	Izarms	R10 750
12ga.	Webley & Scott	R16 950
12ga.	Beretta Silver Pigeon 1	R28 500
12ga.	Miroku Mk 30	R25 000
12ga.	Fabarm Elos	R18 995
12ga.	Rizzini "Albion"	R23 925
12ga.	Winchester "Energy"	R34 700
12ga.	Fausti "Conrad"	R22 560
28ga.	Fausti Round-action	R49 990

SHOTGUNS: SEMI-AUTO - NEW

12ga.	Benelli M2 tactical	R28 625
12ga.	Benelli M3 tactical	R25 100
12ga.	Benelli M4 tactical	R31 610
12ga.	Benelli Vinci	R24 910
12ga.	Benelli Montefeltro	R29 420
12ga.	Benelli Rafaelo	R33 500
12 & 20ga.	Benelli Ultra-light	R31 835
20ga.	Benelli Comfotec	R31 390
12ga.	Ata Camo	R11 200
12ga.	Franchi Affinity	R16 135
12ga.	Izarms Impactor	R 5 950

SHOTGUNS: OVER/UNDER - USED

12ga.	Winchester	R13 500
12ga.	Browning	R14 500
12ga.	Mauser "Gold"	R19 500
12ga.	Sarasqueta	R 9 500
12ga.	Sabatti	R 9 500
12ga.	Bernadelli	R 9 750

SHOTGUNS: SIDE-BY-SIDE - USED**MANY MORE IN STORE**

410ga.	Zabala	R 3 750
12ga.	Dumoulin	R 9 750
12ga.	BSA	R 4 750
12ga.	Wilkes	R 4 750
12ga.	W.Powell	R 4 500
12ga.	Spanish	R 3 950
12ga.	C.W. Andrews	R 4 500

SHOTGUNS: PUMP-ACTION - NEW

12ga.	Benelli SuperNova	R15 500
12ga.	Izarms	R 4 950
12ga.	Etro	R 4 950
12ga.	Izarms	R 5 700

SHOTGUNS: PUMP-ACTION - USED

12ga.	Smith & Wesson	R 3 450
12ga.	Winchester	R 3 950
12ga.	Mossberg	R 3 750
12ga.	Squibman	R 2 950
12ga.	CBC	R 3 250
12ga.	Browning	R 3 950
12ga.	Omega	R 2 950
12ga.	Beretta	R 4 500

HANDGUNS - NEW

22lr.	Chiappa 1911-22	R 6 075
7,62mm	Tokarev Norinco	R 3 250
9mmk	S&W Bodyguard w-laser	R 8 725
9mmk	S&W Bodyguard	R 7 840
9mmk	Ruger LCP pink	R 6 930
9mmk	Glock M42	R 8 600
9mmk	S&W M&P 9 Shield	R13 090
9mmk	S&W M&P 9C	R12 950
9mmk	S&W M&P 9	R12 315
9mmk	Glock 17	R 9 750
9mmk	Glock 19	R 8 500
9mmk	CZ P-07	R 9 169
9mmk	CZ P-09	TBA
9mmk	CZ 75 Compact	R11 265
9mmk	CZ 75 SP-01 Shadow	R16 450
9mmk	Grand Power K100	R 9 950
9mmk	Taurus PT-92	TBA
9mmk	Taurus PT24/7 G2C	R 9 520
9mmk	Beretta PX-4 Storm	R10 640
9mmk	Uberti 5" Cattleman	R 7 950
9mmk	Uberti 7,5" Cattleman	R 7 640
9mmk	Glock 23 Gen 4	R11 200
9mmk	Uberti 5,5" Cattleman	R 7 100
9mmk	Uberti 7,5" Cattleman	R 7 640
9mmk	Taurus PT 1911	R13 850
9mmk	Glock 21	R11 916
9mmk	Sig-Sauer P220	R 9 750
9mmk	S&W XVR 460	R25 500

HANDGUNS - USED

22lr.	Colt Frontier Scout	R 4 500
22lr.	Uberti single-action 5,5"	R 2 450
22lr.	Beretta M70	R 1 450
22mag.	Ruger Single-six	R 3 950
22mag.	NAA Black Widow	R 4 950
22mag.	NAA 1/18"	R 3 950

22mag.	Hi-Standard O/U Derringer	R 3 250
6,35mm	Walther TPH boxed	R 4 950
6,35mm	Beretta M950B	R 1 250
7,63mm	Broomhandle Mauser various	R7 500+
7,65mm	FEG R78	R 1 950
7,65mm	CZ M70	R 1 800
38S&W	Webley Mk4 service rev.	R 1 950
38spl.	Taurus/Astra/Rossi 2" + 4"	Varied
38spl.	Rohm M17 O/U Derringer	R 1 850
9mmk	Astra Mod. 4000 Falcon	R 2 650
9mmk	Lorcin Mod L380	R 1 950
9mmk	Bernadelli Mod.60	R 1 950
9mmk	Luger PA-63	R 2 750
9mmk	Star M30	R 3 950
9mmk	Walther P-38	R 3 495
9mmk	Luger P-08	R 7 500
357mag.	Taurus/Astra/Rossi	Varied
357mag.	Ruger Police service six	R 3 450
357mag.	Uberti single-action 7,5"	R 3 950
44mag	Uberti single-action 6,5"	R 3 950
45acp	Colt M1911A1	R 5 950

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Canicalm	Anti-Bark	R 750
Canicom	200 First	R 2 050
Canicom	200m	R 1 950
Canicom	800m	R 3 680
Canicom	1 500m	R 3 680
Canicom	Receivers	R 1 800
Training	Dummies	R 100
Canibee	Pro	R 900
Canibee	Radio Pro	R 1 920
Navidog	Collars	R11 975
Navidog	Receivers	R 4 215
Stop Barking	Dogs (new)	R 250

RIFLES - NEW

22lr.	CZ 455 Supermatch	R 8 040
22lr.	Marlin XT22	R 4 626
22mag	Webley & Scott M1500	R 4 235
22,410	Chiappa Badger	R 7 650
222rem	CZ 527	R15 100
223rem	CZ 527	R13 725
223rem	Tikka T3 Super Varminter	R19 120
223rem	Predator maxi	R13 850
223rem	T/C Dimension	R12 950
223rem	T/C Dimension L/Hand	R12 950
220swift	Classic M98	R14 500
22-250	T/C Venture stainless	R13 500
22-250	T/C Predator maxi	R13 850
22-250	CZ 550	R18 950
22-250	Howa M1500	R11 980
243win	Howa M1500	R11 769
243win	Remington S/S	R17 950
243win	Marlin X7	R 7 950
243win	Tikka T3 Sporter	R21 920
243win	Tikka T3 Super Varminter	R29 240
25-06	T/C Venture	R12 750
260rem	Tikka T3 Sporter	R36 330
260rem	Tikka T3	R24 560
6,5x55mm	Sako 85M	R31 950
6,5x55mm	Howa M1500	R11 980
6,5x55mm	CZ 550	R20 950
270win	CZ 550	R13 630
270win	Remington M783	R12 500
270win	T/C Venture camo	R14 450
270win	T/C Icon	R18 880
270win	T/C Dimension L/Hand	R12 750
270win	T/C Dimension	R12 750
270win	Classic M98	R14 500
270win	Winchester M70 Classic	R17 670
270WSM	Winchester M70 Ultimate	R12 500
7mm-08	T/C Venture	R12 750
7x57mm	CZ 550	R18 380
7x64mm	CZ 550	R16 990
7x64mm	Sako 85M	R33 850
7mm RM	T/C Venture	R12 750
308win	Tikka T3 Sporter	R31 920
308win	Sako 85S	R27 450
308win	Howa wood	R11 750
308win	CZ 550 Laminated	R24 550
308win	CZ Predator	R14 620
308win	CZ 550	R15 850
308win	Marlin X7	R 7 995
308win	Marlin H/Barrel X7VH	R12 500

PRICES MAY VARY ON NEW STOCK.

RIFLES - USED

22lr.	Brno	R 4 500
22lr.	Mauser Mn410b	R 5 500
22lr.	Remington	R 2 950
22lr.	Norinco lever-action	R 2 750
22lr.	Norinco JW15 silenced	R 2 950
22HP	Savage M99	R 2 950
22hnt.	Zidi	R 9 950
22hnt.	Brno ZKW 465	R 8 950
22hnt.	410 CBC combination	TBA
222rem	Tikka	R 9 500
223rem	Ruger M-77 silenced	R 8 750
223rem	CZ 527-2 scoped	R14 950
243win	BSA Scoped	R 7 500
243win	Voere M98	R 9 500
243win	Ruger M77 scoped	R15 950
243win	Tikka LSA-55	R 9 500
25-06	Ruger M77 scoped	R15 950
6,5x55mm	Mauser M96	R 8 500
270win	Brno ZKK 600 scoped	R11 500
270win	Mauser M66	R16 500
270win	Sako M98	R13 750
270win	Mauser M98	R 9 500
270win	BSA	R 8 500
7mm RM	Sauer M90 scoped	R34 500
7mm RM	Sauer 200 scoped	R19 500
7x57mm	Brno M21 rebarreled	R17 500
7x57mm	Brno M21	R 8 500
7x64mm	Brno ZKK 600 scoped	R12 950
303Br.	Lee Enfield sporter	R 3 750
303Br.	BSA sporter	R 4 500
303Br.	SMLE No.1 Mk3	R 2 850
303 Br.	No.4 Mk2	R 2 850
308win	Parker-Hale M98	R 9 500
308win	Voere M98	R 7 500
308win	Voere scoped	R 7 500
308win	Musgrave M98 comm.	R11 500
308win	Ruger M77 scoped	R15 950
30-06	Brno ZKK 600	R11 500
30-06	Parker-Hale M98 scoped	R11 500
30-06	Sako L61R scoped	R18 500
30-06	Weatherby VGX scoped	R17 500
30-06	Musgrave M90 scoped	R12 500
30-06	Voere M98 scoped	R11 500
30-06	FN M98	R10 500
30-06	Ruger M77 silenced	R 8 500
30-30win	Winchester M94	R12 500
30-30win	Rossi Rio Grande lever-action scoped	R 8 500
30-30win	Marlin lever-action	R 9 750
300VWM	CZ 550 scoped	R14 500
8x57mm	Mauser M98	R 6 950
8x60mm	Brno M21	R14 500
8x60mm	Oberndorf Mauser 98	R16 500
338win mag	Sabi mauser	R12 500
9x56mm	Mannlicher M1906	R 9 750

RIFLES - USED

9x57mm	Mauser M98	R 6 950
9,3x62mm	FN Mauser	R13 500
375exp.	Mannlicher M1910 f-stock	R12 500
375H&H	Cogswell & Harrison M98	R 9 500
375H&H	Winchester M70	R13 500
375H&H	Interarms M98 scoped	R14 500
375H&H	Jeffery Magnum 98	R67 500
378Wea.	Brno 602 scoped	R16 950
416Rigby	CZ 550 mag scoped	R19 500
458mag	Ruger M77	R17 500

**SEMI-AUTO RIFLES/
CARBINES - NEW**

22lr.	Chiappa m4	R10 995
22lr.	GSF m4	R15 535
5,56mm	NEA	R22 540
5,56mm	Norinco CQ-A	R13 995
7,62x39mm	Norinco type 56 [AK]	R 6 950
308win	S & W MP10	R31 995
9mmk	SAR	R14 500

**SEMI-AUTO RIFLES/
CARBINES - USED**

5,56mm	Norinco AR15	R 9 750
223rem	Vektor CR21	R14 500
7,62x51mm	H&K G3	R 9 750
7,62x51mm	FN-Fal/R1	R7 500-R16 500
7,62x39mm	SKS Carbine	R 6 500
7,62x39mm	STG 58 folder	R11 995
30m1	Carbine	R 9 750
30-06	M1 Garand	R14 500
9mmk	Kommando	R 3 950
9mmk	Uzi HMC	R 6 500
9mmk	Cobra	R 4 500
9mmk	R76 HMC	R 4 500
9mmk	BXP	R 5 950
9mmk	Sterling	R 6 500
45acp	M1 Thomson	R19 750

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SAR T05 9mmP Carbine

by **ANDRÉ GROBLER**



The SAR T05, new and exclusive to South Africa.

THE SAR T05 is a Chinese-made semi-automatic 9mmP carbine for use in law-enforcement and security work. It is manufactured by one of the largest military and law-enforcement weapons factories in China.

Taking the SAR out of its box, my first impression was that it looks solid and simple with five external controls: cocking lever, two magazine release levers, a safety lever and the folding stock's release button. It also felt lighter than its 2.5kg with an empty magazine inserted.

The SAR uses a simple blow-back system. The bolt is not locked against the chamber but held in place by the forward pressure of the recoil spring. When a shot is fired the pressure generated by the expanding gasses thrusts rearwards against the empty case, bolt and the recoil spring. The bolt moves

rearwards while gripping the rim of the spent case in its spring-loaded extractor-claw, and the case is ejected. The bolt's rearward travel cocks the hammer. The compressed recoil spring then reciprocates, pushing the bolt forward, which in turn strips a fresh cartridge from the top of the magazine and pushes it into the chamber. The extractor-claw snaps over the rim of the cartridge case during the final phase. The recoil spring is contained within a tube which is part of the bolt assembly. The tube connects the bolt to the cocking lever, which protrudes from the hand-guard. The bolt runs on rails machined into the sides of the frame.

The barrel is 21.5cm long and grooved for attaching a suppressor (the SAR's importers, Dave Sheer Guns, say a dedicated suppressor for the carbine is being developed). The

carbine is 66cm long with its folding stock extended, and 43cm folded. It comes with two sturdy, curved 30-round polymer magazines with inspection holes on the outside curve at the 10-, 20- and 30-round levels. Magazine disassembly is easy: press the detent in the base plate and slide the plate out, then withdraw the magazine spring and follower. The base plate has a hole for water drainage.

I found that 26 cartridges loaded easily into each magazine; the last four required some effort. The magazines, even when full, did not fall free when released. Wear from daily use might change this.

The polymer trigger is 9mm wide, smooth-surfaced, and has enough space within the trigger guard to facilitate gloved use. The trigger-pull is long, becoming progressively stiffer before breaking cleanly. The grip fits comfortably into my medium-size hands.

THE SAFETY LEVER is on the left side of the frame, directly above the grip and within easy reach of the shooting hand's thumb. Its operation is counter intuitive: when on 'safe' the lever is in an upright position. Pulling it rearwards to a horizontal position readies the carbine to 'fire'. Though it worked smoothly, getting used to its operation will take time and practice, especially for one-handed use.

One magazine release button is located on the left side of the frame, halfway between the trigger guard and magazine-well. It is ideally situated for left-handed magazine changes, as the



Left: The SAR with stock folded.

Targets: (Left) The SAR with 5-shot 19mm group fired at 10m. (Right) Six-shot 260mm group fired offhand from 40m.



button is within easy reach of the left thumb. A protruding ring prevents accidental pressing of the button. A second magazine release catch is located on the right of the frame, situated in a recess just in front of the trigger guard. I could reach this button with my trigger finger, without moving my hand on the grip. This button must be pushed downward to release the magazine. Both devices operated well and were trouble-free.

THE POLYMER cocking lever protrudes from the handguard and provides a secure purchase for cocking the action. It also locks securely into a cut-out in the top of the handguard to retain the bolt in the open position.

The release button for the folding stock is atop the junction of frame and stock. Push down to unlock then swing the stock forward to the right. This mechanism looks strong and locks the polymer stock tightly to the frame.

The SAR has a flip-over rear aperture-sight with three aperture settings, protected by two thick, raised steel guards similar to those on the Lee Enfield's foresight. The first aperture is marked '1' and is large – ideal for quick target acquisition. Flipping the sight forward brings up the second aperture, also marked '1', though it is smaller, for more precise aiming. The third aperture, marked '2', is large and designed for night shooting.

The adjustable front sight stands within a robust, protective steel housing, the top of which is open to facilitate adjusting. A 10cm long picatinny rail, integral to the alloy frame, is situated ahead of the rear sight for mounting an optical sight.

Five shots fired from a rest at 10m printed a 19mm group, while a 6-shot rapid-fire exercise at a 40m target from a standing position, measured 260mm. The SAR throws its empty cases about two meters, in the one-o'clock posi-

The picatinny rail on the frame ahead of the aperture sight.



Left: The bolt-face with extractor.

Right: Thick steel ribs protect the flip-over aperture sight.



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tion. Generally, spent case condition was good, though some had a slight dent halfway up the wall. Hand-loaders should carefully inspect SAR-fired cases, discarding dented ones, as these may not resize properly, and could even collapse during the process.

The handguard has facilities for attaching accessories. Steel picatinny rail sections costing about R150 each are available and attach to the sides or beneath the handguard for mounting a torch, laser sight or forward pistol-grip.

The SAR's frame consists of two parts. For the purpose of this article, I will refer to these parts as the upper-frame (which includes the barrel, the sights, bolt and handguard) and the

The non-adjustable stock snuggled nicely into my shoulder; the butt is broad and deep for good recoil distribution. The grip provides a secure hold. Though the SAR is light, muzzle flip is insignificant, permitting fast and easy follow-up shots. During rapid-fire exercises, the factory aperture sights provided fast and easy target acquisition at ranges between 10 and 40m.

CARBINES FIRING handgun calibres have several advantages over handguns in the same calibre. This carbine's longer barrel and 34.5cm sight-radius affords greater practical accuracy at longer ranges than a pistol. The SAR's lower recoil enables women to handle



The cocking lever in the polymer handguard. Note barrel grooves for attaching a suppressor.

lower-frame, which houses the trigger assembly. The lower- and upper-frame fit looks tight, with no visible gaps that might allow dirt to enter the works.

DISASSEMBLY of the SAR is easy. You can remove the handguard from the barrel by simply depressing a pin. To fieldstrip the SAR push out a similar pin, located in the rear of the upper-frame, which allows the upper-frame to lift off the lower-frame. The recoil spring and bolt can then be removed from the upper-frame, leaving the carbine ready for cleaning.

Accessories include a cleaning-rod handle, rod extenders, oil-brush, punches, a front sight wrench and an oil bottle. Everything except the plastic oil bottle fits into a small plastic container that slides into the grip.

it more effectively than they would a rifle, making it the better choice for farm defence.

It is also a good choice for security companies. An added laser or red dot sight, or torch, is less cumbersome on a SAR than on a handgun. The relatively low cost of 9mmP ammo is another important consideration – especially for training. And with stock folded, the SAR is compact for easy personal or vehicle carry, or storage.

This very user-friendly weapon retails at around R14 500. Our appreciation goes to Dave Sheer Guns (011-440-0345) who supplied the SAR, Ihawu Shooting Centre (031-705-3150) and the Broadway Shooting Club for the use of the range and Frontier Guns & Ammo (018-462-6117) for the bullets. ■

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'The Battle of Dry Gulch'

by **ROBIN BARKES**



The three Winchester '76s. The carbine and the long rifle are entirely original. The centre rifle, once derelict, has been rebuilt and the barrel shortened.

WHEN THE American civil war ended in 1865, a new era known as the Wild West began. Thousands of ex-soldiers, some with their families, headed westward to start a new life in a new land. Some became farmers, others settled in the small towns they helped build. The more adventurous became cowboys, miners, Indian fighters, outlaws or just restless drifters.

But whatever the occupation of these frontiersmen, a gun was an essential tool. Colt more-or-less dominated the handgun market, but when it came to shoulder-arms, makers like Winchester, Remington and Sharps competed fiercely.

Initially, Oliver Winchester had the advantage with the lever-action Henry followed by the improved Model '66 Yellow Boy. These he followed with the famous Winchester '73 ("the gun that won the West") which used the same cartridges as the six-shooters carried by most westerners. But when the brief era of the American buffalo hunter began, Winchester realized their calibre range was lacking. These big, heavy bison took more killing than the short-range .44-40 delivered, never mind the lesser Winchester cartridges. The bigger, more powerful cartridges used in the Sharps and other single-shot rifles forced Winchester to bring out a

lever-action with more muscle – and so the model 1876 was born. It was a heavy-framed rifle chambered in .40-60, .45-60 and .45-75 and later, for a short while, the big .50-95.

Unfortunately, the Winchester '76 was not a hit with the buffalo hunters. One old hunter who worked out of Miles City recalled, "The rifles used were nearly all Sharps .45-70, .45-90 and .45-110 and there were a few Winchesters". The likely reason is that the lever-actions of the day were not as accurate as the single-shot rifles. Nevertheless, the powerful '76 had its following among lever-gun loving westerners and was a favourite of President Teddy Roosevelt. It also holds the admiration of two old cowboys in the East Cape, South Africa.

ONE DAY A friend greeted me with a bigger smile than usual and I could see he was pleased about something. He chose one of three rifles standing together and handed it to me. I immediately recognized the new addition to his collection as a Winchester '76. And it was in excellent condition.

As always in these articles, I'll just call this friend by his Western moniker, 'The Man with No Name'. When I asked "What calibre?" he pointed to the others and said, "Same as those, all .45-75". Well now, I couldn't believe it. There before me was the greatest



Left: The weight of the '76 rifle absorbs the recoil, and muzzle lift with our light loads was minimal as seen here.

array of big-bore lever-action Winchesters I have ever seen. I have fired quite a few Winchesters in my life, but nothing bigger than light saddle guns. "Got any ammo?" I asked. He held up an original old box of twenty unfired .45-75 cartridges saying, "Got these, but we sure aren't shooting them." Seeing my disappointment he quickly added, "But we can use reloads." A week later, two old cowboys stood in a dry gulch preparing to shoot three historic big-bore Winchesters for the first time in their lives.

ONE OF MY friend's Model '76s was the full-length rifle with 28" octagonal barrel topped with a row of six fold-up leaf sights plus a flip-up ladder-sight graduated to 1000 yards. Another was the shorter, full-stocked carbine with 22" round barrel that was used by the Canadian Mounties for 25 years.

The third piece we named 'the mongrel' because, unlike the other two, it wasn't fully original; it was a once-derelict '76 that had been built up using new innards obtained from Dixie Gun Works in America. Also, its barrel length had been reduced by some seven inches. However, it had been re-blued with an antique finish that had turned a piece of scrap iron into a really beautiful rifle, and this was the one we decided to shoot first.

My friend had hand-loaded a batch of original .45-75 brass with a very low charge of smokeless powder and filled

the empty space in the bottlenecked cases with tissue paper. He cast the soft lead bullets from an original .45 calibre mould. All we wanted was to experience the thrill of firing these historic rifles, not to test them for accuracy. After all, a lever-action as old as this is unlikely to give tack-driving accuracy. Anyway, the two old cowboys were going to do their best. The range was maybe forty paces.

I am so used to seeing a cloud of white smoke come from any old gun that when my friend fired the first shot from the 'mongrel', I was surprised to see the shredded tissue filler spew out

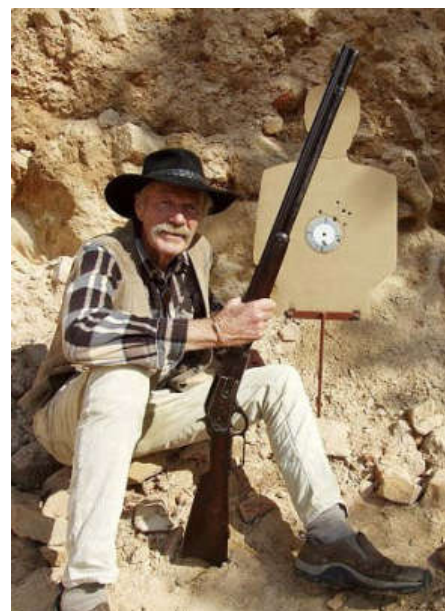
Below: Our target perforated by bullets from three different Model '76 Winchesters.



like confetti. The shot was good, with the heavy slug striking close enough to the bull's eye to have been fatal on man or beast. The next shot was the same.

When my turn came I slipped a fresh round into the breech. The shortened barrel swung up to point well and the crescent-shaped butt snuggled firmly into my shoulder as I touched her off. The trigger pull was light and my shot struck just high of the bull's eye – my first shot ever with a Winchester '76.

Unfortunately, the shortage of cases available for reloading limited us to just a few shots with each



Above: An old cowboy takes a break during the Battle of Dry Gulch.

rifle, so, satisfied with the 'mongrel', we switched to the full-size rifle. This heavyweight's long octagonal barrel took some controlling when fired off-hand. Buffalo hunters using the '76 would have needed the shooting sticks they customarily used – this rifle's long under-barrel tubular magazine filled with those big, fat cartridges would have sure made it front-heavy.



Left: This original box of old .45-75 ammo was just for admiring. We used reloads.



Right: You want sights? You got 'em – from 100 to 1000 yards!

Taking the first shot with the big '76, my friend again put a slug near the bull's eye. He handed me the rifle and I jacked in a fresh round. Swinging the long barrel up, and with the front sight more-or-less settled at six o'clock on the bull, I pulled off. The weight of the big rifle absorbed the recoil. I had the satisfaction of hitting the bull at six o'clock, almost exactly where I aimed. After taking another successful shot my friend laid the rifle down and reached for the carbine.

Being the last of the three '76s we fired that day in what we called 'The Battle of Dry Gulch', the carbine felt light compared to the rifle – even compared to the cut-down 'mongrel' – and

American buffalo (bison) hunters demanded powerful rifles; Winchester's response was the Model 1876.

was the easiest to handle. The barrel came up quickly and pointed beautifully, making it just the berries for snap-shooting bushpigs in thick thorn.

PUNCHING A FEW more holes in our target, we found the carbine a real pleasure to shoot. Those old lever-actions did not have the accuracy of modern rifles. Ned Roberts, a man who knew rifles, once borrowed a '76 carbine from the Mounties, and reported, "With it I shot a caribou, wolves and several moose... the accuracy was fair, averaging five-inch groups at 100 yards and ten-inch groups at 200 yards".


So, overall, our shooting with those three '76s wasn't that bad, considering we weren't bench-resting them for accuracy and made no adjustments to the sights. Messing with sights on

antique guns is something collectors don't like to do. We just wanted the thrill of holding history in our hands and hearing it come to life after years of silence. I like to feel the smooth stock on my cheek and wonder who the first owner was to mount it. As I line it up, I can't help wondering what targets came under those same sights during the gun's long life. Did men fall to it in fierce fights for life? When its smoke cleared, did bison lie dead on the American prairie? Did a Canadian Mountie

I can't help wondering what targets came under those sights during the gun's long life



knock a war-whooping Mohawk brave off his horse with it? Or did an explorer use it to fight off primitive tribesmen in Darkest Africa? Think of the distances the old gun may have travelled through deserts or mountains or jungles in all kinds of weather. Ponder whose hands cleaned it with the same care afforded a best friend – which it always was in times of hunger or danger.

If you still don't understand, well, I guess you just had to be there. 

Dangers of Glorifying Dangerous Game

by ADAM PARKISON



Some dense terrain in the Central African Republic where following wounded dangerous game is no fun.

THOUGH WE MAY NOT care to admit it, I think most hunters and PHs who have not yet faced a charge by a dangerous animal, fantasize about such a scenario. We see ourselves focussed and alert, inching our way along the blood trail, when suddenly a buffalo bull barrels out of the bush, eyes reddened and nostrils painted with blood, hell-bent on dispatching everyone in his path. Of course, because the events play off in our fantasy, we see ourselves calmly waiting until the last possible moment then braining the bull with surgical precision, piling it up in a cloud of dust at our feet.

As a 19-year-old apprentice PH, this was exactly the sort of grandiose fantasy I had about my future career. I dreamed of being the hero one day, with client and trackers relying on me as I dispatch some raging beast. But the reality of such a charge is a long way from the scenario our imagination paints for us.

MY BOSS AT the time, Erik Mararv was less than pleased with my boyish imagination. Eagerly, I asked him how many charges he'd faced, by which species and in what circumstances. Without even addressing the question, he

looked at me sternly and said, "If you do your job properly, you will have done your utmost to avoid all possible situations that might involve a charge."

That lesson came home to me during my very first experience of guiding a client on buffalo. I made the mistake of walking up too readily on the 'dead' bull and, when mere yards away, watched as he suddenly staggered to his feet with fury in his eyes. I felt as if I were in a slow-motion movie but there was no hero and no glory. As I jacked in round after round, firing repeatedly, in that brief moment I wanted nothing more than for the beast to be dead

already. From then on, I heeded Erik's words: Do everything in your power to avoid a charge.

A PH friend and mentor named Phillipe once said, "For a young PH, a charging animal might seem like the coolest thing that can happen. But after living through a handful of charges, one resulting in my client getting brushed by a buffalo, I can tell you, I want nothing more than to see a dangerous animal shot dead the first time." He went on to explain just how inglorious our line of work can be at times; after seeing the mangled remains of a Tanza-

"My boy," he said, "You follow up a wounded animal with this, and you are damned. Clean your rifle!"

IF ANYONE CAN attest to the horrors of experiencing a malfunctioning rifle while being charged by a wounded buffalo, it is the Frenchman. If I recall the story correctly, in his earlier years as a PH in West Africa, Christophe was charged by a buffalo and managed to get off one shot before his rifle's bolt jammed and he was slammed to the ground. The bull swiped its head back and forth as Christophe lay beneath it,

guide and tracker. When questioned about his foolish behaviour, he cheerfully explained to his PH that he had always wanted to experience a charge. Needless to say, the PH wasn't too impressed, and consequently left the client sitting in the vehicle while he headed off wearily to dispatch the unfortunate animal himself.

SADLY, I HAD heard similar stories before. Any such action is highly irresponsible, as it can result in the death of the PH, his trackers and the client himself, quite apart from the unnecessary



Above: I shot this wounded bull at 30 yards in thick cover. My trackers and client had not even seen the buffalo when I fired.

Left: You often have to follow a wounded buffalo in thick forest. Photo by Ernie Blackmon.

nian PH who was ground into the dirt by a buffalo, he never again entertained such heroic fantasies.

During my years as an apprentice, I absorbed all the information I could from my older peers and mentors, including those who had a whole book full of seemingly glorious experiences with dangerous game. The well-known French PH, Christophe Morio, after examining my rifle which I assumed was clean enough, was none too impressed by the crease of dust around the bolt. He got inches from my face to better get through to me.

and its horn opened up his throat. Fortunately, his client shot the bull dead and then helped Christophe onto his side to clear the blood filling his throat and suffocating him. One thing all my mentors emphasized to me: There is no glory in being gored by a buffalo.

I think the hunting media dangerously glorify the 'close calls' experienced by hunters when following up elephant, buffalo, lion and leopard. A Zimbabwean PH friend recently told a story about an American who gut-shot a buffalo and then took off on the blood trail without waiting for the

suffering it could put the animal through. And if things go wrong, it can be ruinous to the PH's reputation – he may even lose his licence and his livelihood.

OF COURSE, I understand that the danger element is part of the appeal of big game hunting, which is why, historically, Africa, with its Big Five, has always been the most compelling hunting destination in the world. Even today, with all the advantages afforded us by modern firearm technology, highly experienced hunters still die on tusk and horn, tooth and claw. Danger


Below: Almost invisible in the thick stuff.
Right: Buffalo in their woodland savannah grounds.




goes with big game hunting. But the competent and responsible hunter does all in his power to kill the animal quickly and cleanly with his (or his client's) first shot. A charge generally indicates that someone fouled up, an animal suffered longer than necessary, and lives were placed in jeopardy. It is nothing to brag about. There is no glory in it.


I am thankful that, during my handful of years as a licensed PH, there have been three instances when I felt certain a charge was imminent, and each situation was dealt with before any unpleasantness developed. On one of these occasions, while on the blood-spoor of a buffalo, we broke from the trail and climbed a rocky outcrop, only to find

the bull circling his own trail and lying in wait for us. Dropping the unsuspecting bull from nearly 80 yards away might not make for the most glorious hunting tale, but I'd trade glory for safety any day, if it means a long life and career in the bush. As the wise Solomon wrote in Ecclesiastes 9:4 "...a living dog is better than a dead lion". 🇿🇦





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Decoys Do It Better

by PHILLIP HAYES



Place the decoys in the same way real birds will be feeding on the ground.

DOVE AND PIGEON hunting is among the most affordable in SA. This very fact gives some hunters the impression these species are not worth the effort, yet they offer some of the most challenging and action-filled wingshooting of all.

I began hunting these gamebirds shortly after leaving university, when the first shotgun I could afford specifically for this purpose was a very cheap single-barrelled 12ga made in Brazil. It had an external hammer and to say the finish was rough would be an understatement. However, I used this *El Cheapo* to bag my first bird on the wing. I was immediately hooked.

I soon realized that, compared to the cost of my gun, the price of the ammunition I was burning was out of all proportion, not to mention other

equipment I now desperately needed, such as a gundog (I was already imagining other gamebirds over my single barrel), a bakkie to get me and the dog to the hunting fields... the list becomes endless.

THOSE EARLY times were the best I ever had. Sometimes I'd dress for the office, but then nip off to a sunflower field for an hour of wingshooting before work. Camouflage never entered my mind, but I soon learned that if I had the sun at my back, or stood in the shade of a tree or big bush, fewer birds would veer off. Through the years I started investing in drab clothing, camouflage nets, face masks, hessian and finally, decoys. It was a slow progression, but in the end I found the combination of all these delivered the best



A spinner in action with some decoys on the ground.



A fence post can be used as cover if nothing else is available. In this case the rising sun helps to make spotting the hunter more difficult.

results – especially with rock pigeons, a bird that can literally ‘dodge the shot’ on spotting you.

So, how do you go about getting these birds to fly within shotgun range, thereby increasing your chances of success? Firstly, dress for the occasion in dull-coloured clothes and make use of any available cover beneath the flight path – a bush, the shade of a tree, sunflowers that are high enough, or simply by standing behind a fence post. This should increase your shooting opportunities, certainly on turtle doves; somewhat less on rock pigeons.

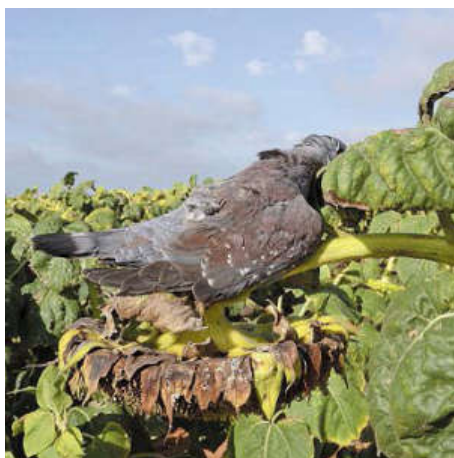
The next step up the ladder of success is to use a camo net; 1m x 1.8m should be sufficient, but larger is better. Prop the net over the sunflowers or maize in front of you, or hang it on the fence. If there is no natural cover, take along two poles, hammer them into the ground and hang the net between them. Obviously, a bigger net will work better for this.

Once inside or behind the cover or blind, it is important to keep still. Birds pick up movement easily and if you start poking the shotgun barrels up in the air when the birds are still out of range, you’ll scare them off. Sunlight reflecting off a barrel is also a dead give-away. Keep your barrels behind cover until the birds are in range, then mount and fire in one smooth motion. Camo duct-tape wrapped around your barrels eliminates reflection.

A sweaty, glistening face, especially a white one, is likewise reflective and highly visible from the air. I wouldn’t go so far as to smear camouflage cream on my face (though it works well) but a dark or camo-patterned, wide-brimmed hat is a good start. Then you might want to consider a facemask, available at most hunting shops. I personally don’t like wearing a mask, but there is no denying it is highly effective and very affordable. It

Bales in a field provides good natural cover. If the farmer will allow it, push two or more together to form a natural hide.





Doves that have been shot can be used as decoys on the ground, or as in this case by placing them on sunflowers.

becomes an absolute necessity when hunting geese.

Next: decoys. Using decoys for doves and pigeons works very well. You can keep it simple and affordable, or go all-out and spend a lot of money on spinners and lifelike decoys.

DECOYING CAN BE as simple as setting out dead birds in lifelike positions on the ground or on the tops of sunflowers or mealies. Fold the wings in and, if possible, prop the heads up on a small stick. The more natural they look the better. With doves or pigeons, don't



place the decoys too close together; they should be roughly a metre apart and facing in different directions, creating a 'natural' scene. Keep adding more birds as the shoot progresses. To increase the field of fire, place the decoys between two shooters, having *beforehand* determined set firing lines

for each gun so as to avoid anyone being accidentally shot.

If you have plastic decoys, start by setting them out, and then add dead birds. I find that decoys work best when each hunter has at least 25 to 30 at his position. Assuming, of course, that the shooter is positioned under a flight-line, it makes little difference where the decoys are placed in relation to the gun, as long as they are close to him.

GROUND-DECOYS work especially well in harvested fields, particularly in the case of rock pigeons in a harvested maize field. Try to find a field that was irrigated with a centre pivot or wheel-move; these fields are normally smaller than dry-land fields, so the birds' flight-paths tend to converge into a narrower strip. The decoys are also easier to spot on the faded yellow-khaki background, compared to the dark brown and black of a harvested sunflower field.

Ultimately, one can use spinners. These contraptions are driven by electric motors (mostly old wiper motors) powered by a car battery. It has long arms, to which spread-winged decoys are attached, making them appear to be circling a certain spot. The move-

A cammo hat and face mask will help to shield a shiny face from your prey.




ment attracts attention from further away. In addition, set up static decoys around each spinner. Ensure that the battery and other parts which may give the game away are properly camouflaged. For those who shoot regularly, these spinners are a worthwhile investment, but the car battery and frame add bulk and weight to the



This cammo net made of hessian offers two sides with different colours.

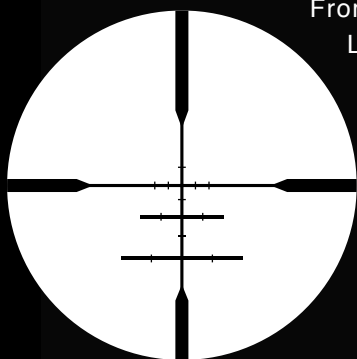
load you must get into the field, especially if you walk in.

Remember, with decoys, the more the merrier. Putting out a hundred decoys definitely achieves better results than putting out five or ten. Plastic dove and pigeon decoys are relatively cheap compared to those depicting bigger birds; if possible, use at least 25 to 30 per hunter. The decoys I use are plastic shells that can be stacked on top of each other, occupying little space, and are light and easy to carry.

ENHANCE YOUR next bird-hunting season by investing in some camo gear and decoys. Using these in an ethical and sporting manner adds another dimension to your shoot, making it more interesting and enjoyable. I have used decoys for most birds with good results. Strangely, however, I have experienced the odd day when decoys simply have no effect on incoming birds, especially in strong wind. But this is what makes hunting so interesting. 

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BE SURE TO LOOK INTO LYNX

Hand-loading Series Part 6

Load Up!

by GREGOR WOODS



The third of three factory-loads (fired in quick succession) blew this rifle up. Forensic investigation indicated the likely cause to be the lodging in the bore of the bullet from the second shot fired (the first shot killed a deer). It is rare but not impossible that factory loading machines can fail to charge a case with gunpowder. This is more likely to occur in hand-loading if proper checks aren't carried out. Primer ignition alone is enough to launch the bullet, which lodges in the rifling.

THIS BRINGS US to charging the cases with gunpowder and seating the bullets. For reasons that will become clear as we go along, always carry out these two procedures during one and the same session – don't leave charged cases open and unattended.

If using powder scoops, these are designed to contain the correct *weight* of powder when it is level with the mouth of the scoop. Dipping the scoop invariably produces a *heaped* scoopful. Remove the excess by scraping the straight edge of a knife blade across the mouth. Do NOT tap the scoop on the benchtop until the powder packs down to the required level as it will be an overload.

Powder scales are extremely delicate and sensitive. Unless you bolt your reloading bench to the wall (highly rec-

ommended) it is likely to jiggle a bit as you work the lever of the press when seating bullets. If your scale is standing on the benchtop, these tremors will upset it, causing inconsistent readings. I made a sturdy shelf for my scale and powder-trickler, and screwed it solidly to the brick wall next to my bench, out of harm's way, and with the scale needle precisely at eye-level. Remember, the *slightest* breeze will affect your scale, producing erratic readings, so all windows and doors must be closed during the powder weighing stage, and don't run a fan. Before commencing, check the scale for spider webs.

Always re-zero your scale (with empty pan in place) at the start of each session, even if using the same load as before. Set the scale for your

load, then *double check* it – especially for handgun calibres. On most mechanical powder scales, the tens, units and fractions of a unit are set on three different parts of the scale, and it's easy to get confused – with disastrous results. NEVER drink alcohol before or during sessions, and don't have anyone chatting to you while you reload – concentration is vital. After every twenty charges weighed, re-check the zero. Should you bump the scale, however slightly, re-zero and reset it.

IF USING A mechanical powder-measure (hopper) set it according to the manufacturer's instructions (this may involve trial-and-error). Remember, when dropping powder into the scale's pan, hold the pan flush up against the dropper nozzle or the powder will splash out. With extruded rifle powders, you may feel resistance to the lever as the cylinder cuts through granules; this is unavoidable and harmless. When assembling near-maximum loads (whether handgun or rifle) hand-weigh every single charge – don't trust powder-hoppers, they are not fully consistent.

For handgun loads substantially below maximum, you can set the hopper for the required charge and drop the powder directly into the cart-



WARNING: This is a DOUBLE MAXIMUM load. This W-W .38Sp case contains 11.8gr MP200 powder. Somchem's maximum load of MP200 for the .38 Special with standard 158gr bullet is 5.9gr. However, even though this is a double maximum load, the powder does not fill the case, and a bullet could still be seated. Most revolver blow-ups are the result of accidental double-charging.

Two bullet-seating dies by different makers. Left: RCBS for .38 Spec, with seater-plug in place; right: Lyman .30-06 with seater-plug removed.



ridge cases. After every ten charges, weigh one to check the hopper's consistency.

Always work the powder-hopper's handle *consistently*. If you lever it gently one time and roughly the next, it will throw inconsistent charges. Most mechanical hoppers dispense on the upstroke and refill on the downstroke, and if your down-stroke is sometimes more violent than others, the jolt causes the powder to pack down more densely in the cylinder, increasing that charge. Moreover, if the time-lapse *between* throws varies considerably, the charges following long lapses will be heavier, because the weight of the powder in the hopper packs more powder down into the cylinder. Likewise, regularly top-up the hopper to maintain a fairly constant level, otherwise charges thrown when it is full will be heavier than those thrown when its level is low.

With handgun loads, don't seat the bullet as you charge each case. Unavoidable time-variations between hopper-throws will alter the charges. You're also more likely to make mistakes. Put all the cases into the loading block and, with your left hand, elevate it so as to insert each case mouth in

turn into the dropper nozzle while, with your right hand, work the hopper handle with a consistent rhythm as you move down the rows.

Now – very important – when all the cases are charged, hold the loading block under the light and run your eye down the rows, visually inspecting *each and every* case. Check not only that each is charged, but that the *level* of powder is the same in



Left: The two .375H&H cartridges on the left are both loaded with identical 'spitzer' (sharp-pointed) bullets. Note how far down over the bullet's nose the seater-plug fits. The round-nosed bullet (right) has a much broader ogive, so the seater-plug would engage it much higher up. A seater-plug set for the spitzers, if not readjusted (raised) to accommodate the RN bullet, would push it too far down into the case neck. Any change in bullet shape or weight requires the seater-plug to be readjusted.

each. Cartridges like .38 Special, .44 Special, .45 Colt, with their overly-large case capacities, are easy to double-charge without noticing – the powder will not overflow the case. Most handgun blow-ups are caused by double-charging, not overloading.

Do this check with *all* handgun cases. It's easy to miss one out, and this can get you killed in a defensive situation. It can also result in your gun blowing up. If you fire a cartridge

without powder, the primer generates enough energy to launch the bullet, which becomes lodged in the bore. On the range, wearing earmuffs, with other shots going off around you, you're unlikely to notice the reduced noise and recoil. With a revolver, you'll fire the next shot, likely wrecking it. I saw a semi-auto damaged this way during a PPS competition. The primer ignition failed to cycle the action and, having felt no recoil, the shooter assumed a misfire. He hurriedly worked the slide to clear the chamber and fired, bulging his barrel.

RIFLE CARTRIDGE re-loaders seeking optimum accuracy usually weigh every charge to ensure maximum consistency. Set the powder hopper to throw a charge just fractionally less than the required load, then put the pan on the scale and use a powder trickler to dribble in one granule at a time to bring it up to the precise weight required. I never charge rifle cases in batches. Immediately after charging each case, I seat its bullet. This reduces the possibility of seating a bullet in an empty case (which can happen with bottle-neck cases, especially the smaller bores). Also, rows of charged cases are vulnerable to mishap.

Heavy loads of bulky rifle powder can fill the case almost to the mouth, creating bullet seating difficulties. When filling, use the lower fingers of your left hand to grip the case body, while the thumb and forefinger grip the funnel neck, firmly holding the two mouths together. Then repeatedly tap the case head on the



Right: Three 7x57 cartridges. Left is my hand-load, with bullet seated far out to reduce free-bore in my particular barrel. Centre is a Sako factory-load in semi-spitzer; right is a Sako factory-load in round-nose. Note that even the two Sako factory-loads differ slightly in cartridge overall length (COL). All three cartridges fit in my rifle's magazine and cycle flawlessly through the action – these are the criteria to work to. Don't fret unduly about loading to factory-specified COL.



Left: 9mm Para's case-mouth is not roll-crimped, since straight-walled semi-auto pistol cartridges head-space on the case-mouth. Right: .455 Webley revolver reload. Note case mouth roll-crimped into the bullet's cannelure (crimping groove) as is the case with all revolver cartridges.



Notice that the cannelures (crimping grooves) on the left and centre bullets are much the same distance from their respective noses, hence both could be seated and crimped without any adjustments to the seater-plug being necessary. However, the cannelure on the right-hand bullet is further from its nose, requiring an adjustment to the seater-plug to align the bullet's cannelure with the die's crimping shoulder.



This is what happens when you get the co-ordination wrong between the crimping-shoulder and seater plug. Left: bulged case walls; right: collapsed case walls.

benchtop while your right hand slowly empties the powder pan into the funnel. This packs the powder down right from the *bottom* of the case, lowering the level in the neck, allowing bullet seating with less powder compression. Lay a sheet of clean white paper on the benchtop to reveal any spillage should you not be sealing the case-mouth to the funnel neck when tapping.

If you reload for several calibres using different powders, never have more than one can of powder on the bench at a time – a momentary lapse in concentration can have you topping up the hopper with the wrong powder, with potentially disastrous results. If you leave powder in the hopper between sessions, place the appropriate powder can right next to the hopper (days later, you may have forgotten which powder is in the hopper). Light affects powder, so if you leave powder in the hopper for days at a time, drape a dark cloth over it.

Bullet seating

First, set the seater die. Unlike the sizer-die, this die must NOT contact the shell holder, or it will distort the case. Straight-wall semi-auto pistol cases must NOT be roll-crimped onto the bullet. Most rifle cartridges, up to and including .375H&H, do not require crimping.

For bullet seating *without* crimping, set the die as follows. Place the sized, primed and powder-charged case in the shell-holder and raise the ram to its limit. Screw the seater die into the press until you feel it contact the case mouth. Now *unscrew* the die one full turn (i.e. back up again) and then screw the large lock-ring down to touch the top of the

press. In the same manner as described in Part 4, unscrew the die and lock-ring *together* just a fraction, and tighten the screw in the lock-ring. Then screw the die down that fraction again so that the lock-ring touches the press. This should leave a gap of about one millimetre between the bottom of the die and the shell holder. Now lower the ram.

LOOSEN THE SMALL locknut on the stem of the seater-plug and unscrew (i.e. raise) the seater-plug well up. Position a bullet with its base in the case-mouth and run it up into the die. With bell-mouthed cases, the bullet will sit there by itself, but with bottleneck rifle cases you must initially hold the bullet in place with your fingers until supported by the die walls. Now screw the seater-plug down again, until you feel it make contact with the bullet. Lower the ram again. Now you must gauge how much further down to screw the seater-plug – look at the bullet to get an idea of how deeply it should be seated in the case (compare it with a factory load). Then screw the seater-plug down about 3mm *less* than that. Run the case and bullet back up into the die, which will now partially seat the bullet.

Now, commence lowering the ram and screwing down the seater-plug in stages of about half a millimetre, examining the result each time. When the bullet is close to where you want it, reduce your seater-plug's downward travel to



A crimp-setting problem is not always obvious at cursory glance. Die-adjustment for this .416 Rigby cartridge was just a hair out, resulting in a very slightly distorted shoulder – but enough to prevent it from chambering. Unnoticed, at best this could ruin your safari; at worst, get you killed.

fractions of a revolution at a time, until you have perfect bullet seating. Then screw the small locknut on the seater-plug stem down to lock it against the top of the die. The die is now set for that particular bullet, and in future sessions you need only screw the die into the press until it stops, and load away. With rifle cartridges, don't sweat to achieve factory-specified overall length (more on this later). Just ensure that the round fits in your firearm's magazine, feeds smoothly into the chamber without jamming the bullet into the rifling, and extracts and ejects flawlessly.

FOR BULLET SEATING *with* roll-crimping, proceed as follows. Note that the roll-crimp feature is built into the die *body*, it is *not* on the seater-plug, so to attain correct crimp adjustment, the die *body* is screwed up or down in the press. Also, the case-mouth will be crimped into a particular cannellure (groove) around the bullet's shank; thus bullet seating depth is governed by the position of the crimping groove on the particular bullet being loaded. Any change in bullet weight or type will require resetting the die according to the new bullet's crimping groove.

Ensure that the sized cases are all trimmed to the same length. Place a sized, primed and powder-charged case in the shell-holder and raise the ram to its fullest height. Screw the seater die into the press until its bottom is about 6mm above the shell-holder. Un-screw (raise) the seater-plug well up. Lower the ram and position the bullet in the case mouth, then run it up into the die. As described for non-crimped bullet seating, keep adjusting the seater-plug until the bullet is where it should be, only in this instance level its crimping groove with the case mouth.


Now, keeping the cartridge up inside the die, *unscrew* the seater-plug several turns. Then screw the *die body* down until you feel its crimping shoulder touch the case mouth. Lower the ram, and screw the die down one-eighth of a turn further. Now run the cartridge up into the die again – it should come out

with the case-mouth crimped into the bullet's cannellure. If you want a more pronounced crimp, repeat this last step, turning the die body further down in the press by one eighth of a turn until satisfied (don't overdo it). Once satisfied, set the large lock-ring in the same manner as before. Now run the crimped cartridge up into the die, screw the seater-plug down until you feel it touch the bullet, then set the small locknut on the seater-plug. The die is now set; in future you merely screw it all the way into the press and it will seat and crimp that same bullet type/weight in one operation. Reset the die if you change to a different bullet.

Seater-plugs are interchangeable according to bullet configuration. Rifle bullets aren't usually affected, but if you seat round-nosed handgun bullets with a seater-plug designed for semi-wadcutters, the bullets may not be properly aligned in their cases.

Rifle die seater-plugs have to be reset every time you change bullet shapes

However, rifle die seater-plugs do have to be *reset* every time you change bullet shapes. A plug set for a spitzer shape will push a round nose bullet too deeply into the case. *Never* keep more than one box of bullets on the bench at a time – it is too easy to reach into the wrong box, and a heavier bullet could destroy your gun.

Keep detailed records of all loads in a notebook: cases, primers, powder, charge, bullet make, weight, type, velocity, group size, and remarks. Working up a good load can be expensive and time-consuming; if you forget the details, you'll have to start over again. Always label your ammo boxes with the relevant data. And keep records of how many times a given batch of cases has been reloaded. 



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Monkey Tail

by SP BERKEMEYER



A view of the Monkey Tail action open. The long lever at the top is the "Monkey Tail". The angular, hook-shaped piece directly underneath is the breech bolt which slides to and fro. The hooked part at the left is a cleverly designed series of camming surfaces and these must be in good condition and free from damage to work properly and lock the breech when the Monkey Tail lever is swung down to close the action.



Paper cartridges are rolled around a wooden former, enclosing the bullet at one end. This is secured by either glue or a turn of thread. The wooden former is then removed and powder poured in the back. Then a base wad is popped in and the whole thing tied off like a sausage. Alternatively the powder may be tied off and the wad glued onto the back, like the factory cartridge. The bullet part of the complete cartridge can then be dunked in lubricant, but not the back part which must be free to burn on firing.

AT THE LADYSMITH historical shoot *Magnum* contributor Malcolm Cobb asked about shooting the Westley Richards Monkey Tail or Capping Carbine as a breechloader. Some 45 years ago, members of the Historical Firearms Society of Southern Africa were doing this and I was one of them.

The Westley Richards Monkey Tail or Capping Carbine was first adopted by the British cavalry in 1861. The Monkey Tail has strong South African connections as it saw service in the Basotho Wars of the '60s and many Boers used the Monkey Tail in the war of 1880/1.

One advantage of the Monkey Tail was that it could be used either as a breechloader or a muzzle-loader. An obturator could be inserted in the breech to convert it into a muzzle-loader. This and a breech scourer were supplied as standard and fitted into recesses in the stock. The breech scourer indicates that fouling was a problem when loading the fragile paper cartridge. Incidentally the original paper cartridges are as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth and far more difficult to find than the rifles or carbines.

WE FIRST STARTED shooting our Monkey Tails as muzzle-loaders and if one did not have an original obturator, a .45ACP case served the purpose. The important consideration was that the lock up of the Monkey Tail breech relied on the precise butting of two match-faces. If these were damaged in

any way the breech may not lock up correctly, so they must be checked by a competent gunsmith. The brass plunger on the 'bolt' must also be unworn and 0.485" diameter to aid the breech seal.

AT SHORT RANGE, the Monkey Tail, as a muzzle-loader, shot quite well with a patched round ball or better still with a greased cannellured bullet of soft lead. It wasn't long, however, before we decided to make paper cartridges and try breech loading.

The secret of the Monkey Tail cartridge was the thick greased wad at the breech end of the paper cartridge. This greased wad formed the gas seal, essential to the safe operation of the arm. After firing, the wad remained in the chamber. The next cartridge pushed it forward and as it was now in front of the bullet, it helped to clean the bore on firing.

We also used a thin cardboard wad made from old beer mats (coasters) behind the bullet. The rest of the paper cartridge was consumed on firing, the paper having been nitrated i.e. soaked in a saturated solution of saltpeter and allowed to dry. Some residue did

remain from this process, hence the need for the breech scourer.

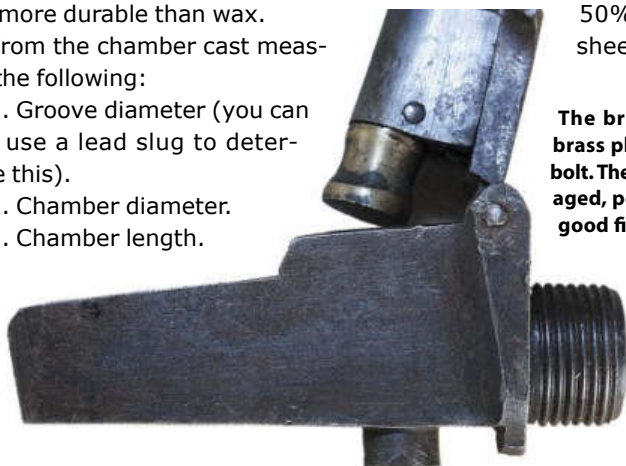
The following is a description of how we made paper cartridges. We had no accidents when breech loading our Monkey Tails, but it must be emphasised that this procedure only applies to actions and barrels in good condition.

The idea of the cartridge is that it is an overall package including the bullet, wad, powder charge and base wad. This means that the bullet is shot as paper patched and these only work with barrels in good condition.

START BY making a chamber casting using melted sulphur (See *Magnum* August 2015 p57). It is much harder and more durable than wax.

From the chamber cast measure the following:

1. Groove diameter (you can also use a lead slug to determine this).
2. Chamber diameter.
3. Chamber length.



After measuring the chamber, deduct about 20 thou or say 1mm of thickness and make up a suitably sized wooden template or dowel. Wrap the paper twice round this, twist up one end and tie with cotton. Cut off any excess. Use a high quality paper, similar to that used for patching bullets. Low strength pulp paper is of no use.

Pull the paper tube off the template, insert a bullet and thin card wad, pour in your powder, insert the lubricated wad, twist the end closed and tie with cotton. Cut off any excess paper.

THIS CARTRIDGE must pass through the breech mouth which is 0.485" diameter, same as the plunger, while keeping the bullet size over the patch close to groove diameter, or about 0.475" to 0.480".

The original carbine load was 2 drams (roughly 55-60 grains) of black powder behind a 400 grain bullet. A conventional canellured bullet may be used but the correct bullet is smooth sided, around .450" diameter to accommodate the patching and fouling but with a raised 'rim' at the base of 0.468" diameter to aid alignment. Paper patched bullets need a very good bore to work properly. Bullets can be cast with about 2% tin.

Besides the paper, powder and bullets you will need ½ inch felt wads. These must be a neat fit in the rear end of the chamber, remembering that there will be two wraps of paper around this wad.

Lubricant consists of 50% beeswax and 50% sheep's fat. Dip the wads

The breech is closed with the brass plunger on the end of the bolt. The plunger must be undamaged, perfectly cylindrical and a good fit in the breech opening. The actual breech seal comes from the base wad in the cartridge which must be fully supported by the plunger.

in hot lube and allow to dry. It is essential to do this as a dry wad does not seal the breech as well as lubricated ones and you don't want hot gases in your face. Always wear safety glasses when shooting capping breechloaders.

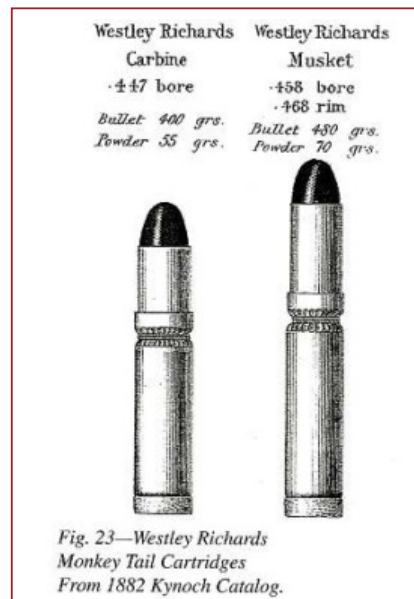



Fig. 23—Westley Richards
Monkey Tail Cartridges
From 1882 Kynoch Catalog.

What a factory-made paper cartridge looks like. One size for carbines and one for rifles.

THE BULLET END of the cartridge, with the bullet now being completely covered in paper, should also be dipped in lube. Wipe off any excess. Do not dip the complete cartridge in lube. The paper behind the bullet, which you have nitrated, must burn away on firing and will be inhibited if lubricated.

You are now ready to go to the range. The cartridges are pretty fragile so pack them carefully.

Test fire your Monkey Tail from a shooting rest and not immediately from your shoulder. A bit of white cloth or paper wrapped over the breech will show you any leakage. If there is meaningful leakage, try a thicker wad or simply insert an obturator and use as a muzzle-loader. Good luck! 



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Kilombero Clincher

by **BWANA MUKIWA**

'SAFARI' IS ONE of the most evocative words in the English language and carries far more meaning than the dictionary definition implies. This year the safari would be in the Selous in Southern Tanzania with outfitter Pierre van Tonder. After a 3-hour flight from Johannesburg we landed in Dar es Salaam (or 'Dar' as it is affectionately known) where we overnighted before our charter plane flew us 12 000 feet above Tanzania's magnificent rivers, the Ruaha and then the Kilombero, the lifeblood of this area and its game. As we descended towards the Selous airstrip, I was mindful of Pierre's warning that early-season hunting in this area is not for the faint-hearted. "The grass will be long and the bush will be thick." We'd brought seven rifles among the three of us, and were glad now that a .458 Win, .505 Gibbs and a .500 Jeffery were among them.

From there, a 40-minute drive in Land Cruisers brought us to a beautiful tented camp perched about 10 meters above the Kilombero river and boasting astounding views. The warm and zealous smiles of the staff

told me this safari was going to be the real thing. I knew that by the end of the 10 days I would be good friends with these amazingly gentle Tanzanian people – though I wasn't so sure about the camp's rowdy pod of hippo wallowing in the river a mere 30m from my tent.

Ten days is a long buffalo hunt. It ebbs and flows;

during times
of extreme
excitement the

adrenalin surge leaves your hands sweaty and shaking for at least 20 minutes. Then there are times of frustration, but never boredom. You

experience life's challenges in a harsh environment on a primordial level. This is why I need to hunt.

The grass in most places was well over 10 feet high and visibility limited to 100m at most. Despite being winter, the Selous is almost on the equa-



Sunset on the Kilombero river.

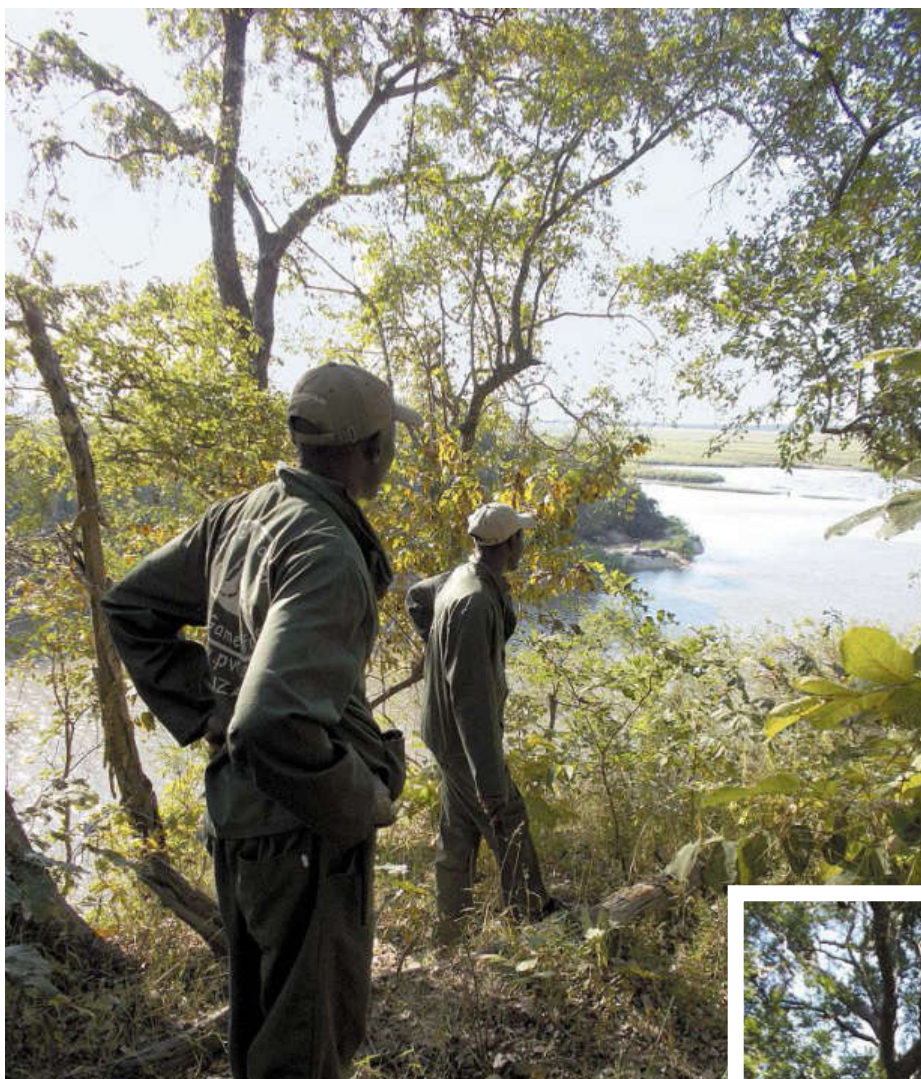
tor, so midday temperatures easily reach 30 degrees Celsius with high humidity levels. You can watch your

precious custom rifle rust in front of your eyes in the rifle-rack of the Cruiser. Your sweat comes in rivulets as you try to keep pace with the Masai trackers.

The Selous's buffalo herds rank among the biggest free-roaming herds that can be hunted in Africa and regularly produce above-average

trophy bulls. This is what I was looking for.

On day one I took a magnificent impala. On day two, as we lay in ambush for an approaching buffalo herd, lions intruded and one killed a sub-adult buffalo from the herd before our eyes. By day three, one of my fellow hunters had a buffalo bull in the salt, so the pressure eased somewhat. But now let me tell you about a day, the likes of which will probably never occur again in my lifetime.



Left: Searching the banks of the Kilombero river for fresh buffalo sign.

to catch up. After an hour I called a stop for a short rest and a drink of water, and then on we went. There is no point in being exhausted and dehydrated when you come onto the herd – once you fire the first shot, you become at least partly responsible for the lives of these men.

An hour later we had another short rest and then marched on. The speed at which we moved through that thick bush was spectacular. I was later told that these two trackers live over 100kms apart in Masailand, yet it is not uncommon for them to walk to visit each other for a weekend. If you start early in the morning, you will be there before sunset, they told me...

The wind on this day was not strong – just a gentle movement of the humidity – but steady. The swirling and unpre-



Masai tracker checking for buffalo over the long grass.

The moon was waning from its golden glory and the nervousness that a full moon brings to the prey-animals of Africa was starting to subside. It was pre-dawn and the setting moon's light chilled the jeep track as we left camp and ground through the chalky sand to look for buffalo tracks. As the dawn suddenly chilled the bush, a halt was called. The head-high grass had been trampled flat by the heavy black bodies of many *mbogo*. A quick walk on their tracks revealed dung that was fresh but cold – the herd had probably passed during the early hours of that morning. The spirits of the Masai trackers visibly lifted, as if they knew something I didn't. A quick drink of water and a pinch of Masai snuff cleared the head of last night's fireside smoke. It was time to go. Follow those tracks and meet a hunter's destiny.

The tracking was easy. The spoor indicated that the 60-odd buffalo were headed for someplace they knew, cutting an almost straight line through the woodland, a small forest area with numerous *korongos* that still held water. We found no sleeping place or obvious area where the herd had stopped to water. We continued at a punishing pace. The Masai trackers seemed to float, ghost-like, above the grass, heads fixed rigidly as their eyes both scanned the ground and looked ahead. Roughly every ten minutes I had to break into a jog



Arriving at the airstrip in the Selous.

dictable gusts of the previous days had been our downfall when closing with these great black beasts of Africa.

We moved silently through some thick forest, over a *korongo*, and as I was crossing it, everyone froze. I could hear rustling in the grass up ahead and the scent was unmistakable. *Mbogo*. To hear and smell these great bovines without actually seeing them is a compelling experience. The adrenalin surges and the heart-rate speeds up while time seems to stand still. This high is what makes hunters return time and again.

SCARCELY 50 YARDS ahead was the tail-end of the herd, just fleetingly visible in the 12ft high grass. A quick check of the wind showed it to be steady from our right front. We waited and listened for about five minutes, seemingly an hour, but at least it allowed my heart-rate to come down a little. The herd appeared to be grazing, strung out ahead of us in this *vuka*. (I fail to understand how an – albeit treeless – area with 12ft high grass can be called an “area to see” but anyway...)

We peeled off to the left, downwind of the herd and flanked them. The buffalo were moving slowly as they grazed on the soft green grass shoots of the *vuka*. We were on a slightly elevated position roughly 150 yards from the

herd’s left flank. We approached the centre of the herd and then Pierre and I moved in close. All we could see were their backs in the long grass. We backed out and moved further ahead and then looped in close again, and this time we were lucky. About 100 yards away, the lead animals had moved out of the thick grass and up onto a little hillock beyond the *vuka*. There were four cows and two good bulls milling about. One of the cows then lay down.

Through the binoculars we carefully studied the trophy quality of the two bulls. Fortunately the wind was holding true, directly into our faces, so there was nothing to worry about. We were well-hidden, so there was very little chance of our getting bust unless the wind changed. I got my little .375 Ruger onto the sticks and nestled into my shoulder. Pierre whispered, “There are two good bulls in that group; the one with the white face is slightly better than the other one.” Well, I couldn’t see a bull with a face any whiter than another and I was starting to get a little nervous. One cow started moving up the knoll and the others looked as if they were about to follow. “Pierre,” I hissed, “the bull that’s walking behind the cow that’s lying down – should I take him?” Instantly the reply came, “Take him when he stops.”

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Above: The impact of a 570gr .500 solid on a buffalo heart.

Right: Buffalo rifles and hunting gear. Far right: The trophy buffalo bull.



My spine tingled as I tracked him through the scope. I took a deep breath as this majestic animal ambled slowly ahead of another cow. I kept the reticle on the ball of his shoulder, watching intently as the muscle bunched and relaxed with every pace. He turned slightly away from me then stopped. Every ounce of concentration went into squeezing the trigger. I didn't feel the rifle go off, but at the shot, the bull hunched up at the impact of the 300gr solid, then did a big bunny hop – a sure sign of a good hit in the vitals. I handed the .375 to Dominic, my gun bearer, snatched the .500 Jeffery and went in to finish what I had started.

There are varying schools of thought as to methods for following up wounded buffalo. I prefer to wait at least ten minutes before starting the follow-up. Pierre and I had discussed

this beforehand; at this time of year he prefers to follow up immediately, due to the great difficulty in tracking through the long, thick grass. Usually, he said, the wounded buff will not go far, especially if he hasn't scented you, and you can finish him quickly. If the animal runs, you can usually keep up with him by sight or hearing, until he gives you an opportunity. Well then, I suppose, when in Tanzania, do as Tanzanians do.

THE BULL HAD gone about 40 yards and was down. On hearing our approach he wobbled to his feet intent on defending himself to his last. From about 30 yards I gave him a 575gr solid from the .500 Jeffery. It broke both shoulders and he collapsed, knocking over a small tree as

he went down. One more shot for insurance clinched it. I must report that the visible knock-down effect of a .500 is significantly greater than that of either the .425 or .458 with which I have previously hunted buffalo.

I was happy and exhilarated but always feel a certain remorse for the animals I take. The death of a sentient being must never be taken for granted.

Loading the buffalo was done by cutting the carcass in half just behind the last ribs. Four of us then found it fairly easy to load the two halves separately. During the drive back to camp, I had time to reflect on everything that had occurred. I felt very privileged to be in remotest Africa with remarkable people, doing what our ancestors have done for millennia. 🇹🇿

Flyfishing for the elusive tigerfish of the Selous. Note the rifle close at hand for ever-present crocs.



A little tigerfish.



Spurwing

(*Plectropterus gambensis*)

by **ANDRÉ GROBLER**

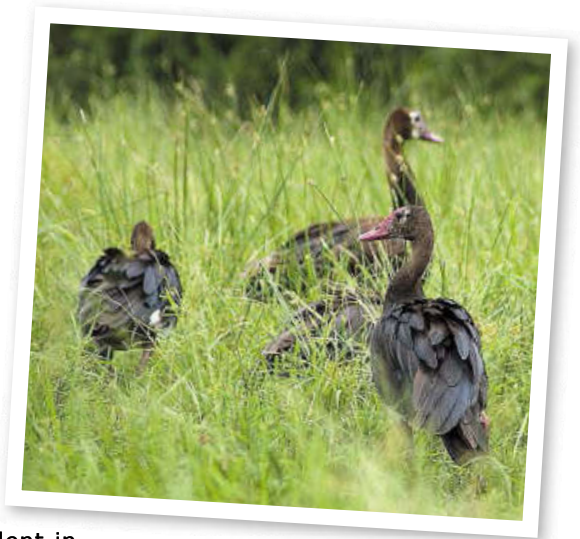


Photo by Philip Huebsch.

THE SPURWING (Afrikaans: *wilde-makou*) is South Africa's largest game bird. Successfully hunting this wily waterfowl requires quite some effort on the part of the sportsman.

Though commonly called spurwing geese, strictly speaking these birds are not true geese, but members of the shelduck family, according to ornithologists. Spurwing are common and widespread throughout sub-Saharan Africa except in the arid regions. They occur at inland open waters such as dams, pans and floodplains. If you find two birds at smaller waterholes and dams they are probably breeding. Leave them alone and rather hunt those in larger flocks.

Spurwing are named after the sharp bony spur that protrudes from the front of the wing-joint on each wing, which they use as weapons for fighting. Spurwing are very large birds, the male being twice the size of the female. Most males weigh between 5-7kg and females between 3-6kg. Colouring is mostly black with white underparts. A pattern of white and black feathers covers the throat, neck and face but differs from bird to bird. The back and wings have a green-blue sheen. The bill and the bare facial parts – extending behind the eyes – are deep pinkish to red; the bill has a white tip, while the legs and feet are also pinkish red.

They feed on maize, wheat, lucerne, ryegrass, tubers, fruit and aquatic plants. They enjoy sprouted fodder and crop plants. Due to their large size and voracious appetites, spurwing can cause extensive damage to crops by eating and trampling, hence are unpopular with grain farmers.

The spurwing is mostly silent in flight but does make a high pitched wheezy 'cherwit' when alarmed. However, their powerful wing beats create sounds that are audible when they are near. They fly out to feeding places before or just after sunrise and usually return a few hours later, to fly out again by late afternoon. During full moon they might eat until late at night before returning to their resting places at open waters – a fact the wingshooter should keep in mind when planning a hunt.

SPURWING ARE very wary; they keep close to the shore or sit on sand banks when resting. On the ground, they are identifiable from a distance by their upright posture. If constantly harassed near resting places they will fly away and not return. In flight they keep a staggered line or a V-formation.

Hunting spurwing takes some preparation and planning. Find their flight path to feeding grounds and resting places. The flight path can change suddenly depending on the availability of food and proper resting places (open water).

As when hunting Egyptian geese, it is important to stay concealed to bring the spurwing within shotgun range. The use of blinds constructed of natural material, sacking or camo-netting, or by hiding in pit-blinds or behind hay-bales, is pretty much essential. A pit blind is ideal if it is available. If pits or constructed blinds are not available, use the available natural cover; as long as you blend in well with the immediate surroundings. Be sure to be in the hide before the birds arrive; usually before dawn or dusk.

Using decoys, arranged in the right manner, can entice spurwing within shotgun range. The decoys should be placed about 10m from the shooter, and never further than maximum shotgun range. Home-made decoys, painted in the colours of the spurwing, work well, and various commercially-made decoys are available. Most hunters use silhouettes cut from hardboard and painted black, which are easy to transport. Place the decoys facing into the wind and about 4m to 5m apart.

THE BLANKET method (see Sept 2015 edition, p49) can also be successful. Spurwing have slow but powerful wing-beats which can create the illusion that they are slow, but they do fly fast. It is important to wait until the birds are 25m or closer for a clean kill. These are extremely tough birds. Any spurwing that does not fall to the shot must be watched to see if it loses height suddenly or goes down in an unnatural way, indicating that it might be wounded and require retrieving. Shot size for spurwing remains a contentious issue, with one school advocating the use of large shot such as No2s or 3s or bigger, while another school advocates smaller birdshot coupled with longer lead to ensure multiple hits in the head or neck.

As always, make advance enquiries with the local authorities regarding hunting regulations for these birds in the province you'll be shooting – seasonal hunting dates, bag limits and licence/permit required. ■

The G35 Gen4 MOS without an optical sight mounted can be used for USPSA's Production, Limited and Limited 10 divisions.



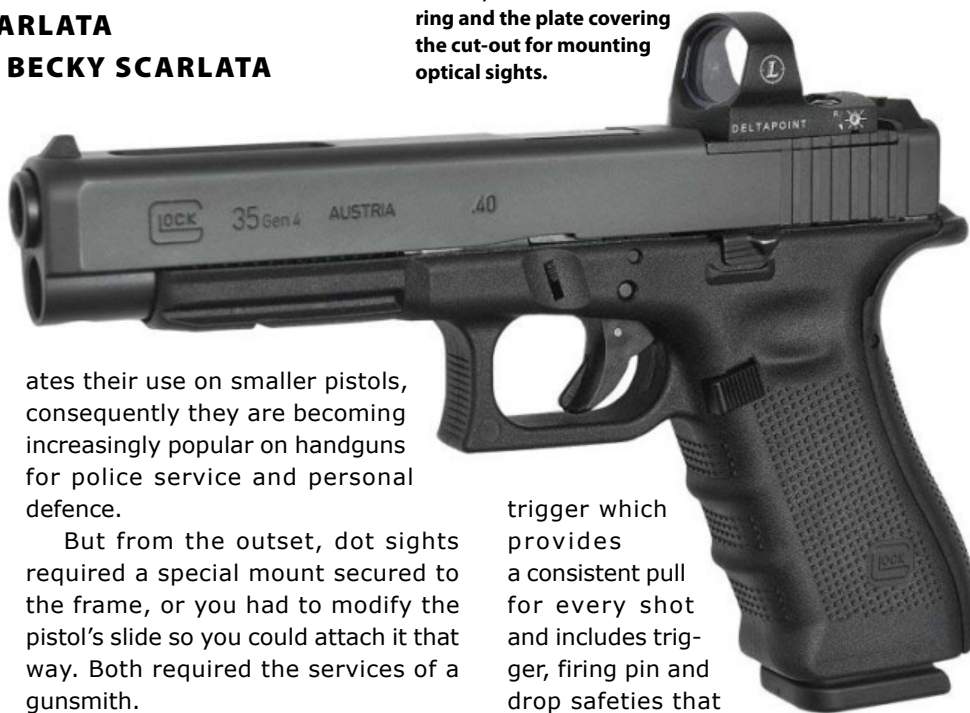
Glock's G35 Gen4 MOS

Ready to run, right out of the box

by **PAUL SCARLATA**

photos **PAUL BUDDE & BECKY SCARLATA**

Below: This view, with the Leupold Delta Point dot sight mounted, shows the enlarged magazine release, RTF frame texturing and the plate covering the cut-out for mounting optical sights.



ONE OF THIS YEAR'S trends is 'optic ready' handguns: semi-automatic pistols from the factory already prepped to accept electronic optical sights.

Better known as 'dot sights', these devices first appeared in the late 1980s in action pistol competitions, and at the time, I equipped my Glock G17L with them. But the early models proved overly large, cumbersome to mount, somewhat unreliable and had restricted fields of view.

In the intervening years dot sight technology has made great advances and today shooters have a wide choice of small, lightweight, reliable sights that are simple to mount. They help the shooter get on target quickly, make transitioning between targets faster, are easier to use in a wider range of lighting conditions, and their wider field of view gives you a natural view of the target and its surroundings. Their reduced size and mass facilit-

ates their use on smaller pistols, consequently they are becoming increasingly popular on handguns for police service and personal defence.

But from the outset, dot sights required a special mount secured to the frame, or you had to modify the pistol's slide so you could attach it that way. Both required the services of a gunsmith.

THIS YEAR, a number of manufacturers are offering pistols factory-fitted to enable the shooter to mount a dot sight with little more than a set of Allen wrenches. Among them is Glock.

Glock's enviable popularity with armies, police agencies and civilian shooters worldwide, can be summed up in two words: simplicity and reliability. One reason is their Safe Action

trigger which provides a consistent pull for every shot and includes trigger, firing pin and drop safeties that disengage sequentially as the trigger is pulled, and automatically re-engage when it is released. In addition, the extractor serves as a loaded chamber indicator.

Glocks have proven very popular for action pistol shooting. To enable Glock shooters to use dot sights without modifying their pistols, Glock introduced the 'Modular Optical System (MOS)'



Top left: The four interchangeable back straps cater for all hand sizes.

Top right: Like all Glocks, the G35 Gen4 MOS can be disassembled into its five main components in less than a minute.

Left: The G35 Gen4 MOS can be fitted with an extended magazine.

Right: Mounting the Leupold Delta Point sight took only minutes. Note how the medium size extended back-strap forms a 'beaver-tail' tang to secure the pistol in your hand and helps dissipate recoil.



configuration on their G34 (9mm), G35 (.40), G40 (10mm) and G41 (.45) Gen4 pistols.

At the rear of an MOS pistol slide is a metal cover retained by two Allen screws. Removing it reveals the slide is cut to facilitate attachment of adapter plates directly onto the slide itself. The pistol comes with four adapter plates and screws for mounting sights from Trijicon, Leupold, EOTech, Meopta, Docter, C-More and Insight Technology.

The G34 and G35 are the choice of action pistol match competitors. When

fitted with dot sights, the Gen4 MOS versions enable shooters to compete in IPSC Open Division.

Test firing results:		
Ammunition	M/Vel	Group Size
Speer 155gr Gold Dot	1168fps	75mm
Cor-Bon 160gr Performance Match	820fps	58mm
Remington 165gr Golden Saber	1079fps	65mm
Black Hills 180gr FMJ	951fps	66mm

Note: accuracy is the average of five 5-shot groups fired from a rest at 25m. Velocity is the average of ten rounds Chronographed 3m from the muzzle using a Chrony.

Specifications: Glock G35 Gen4 MOS	
Calibre	.40 S&W
Overall length	222mm
Barrel length	135mm
Weight	780g (unloaded w/o optical sight)
Height	138mm
Width	30mm
Construction	slide: steel frame: polymer
Finish	Tenifer
Sights	front: white dot rear: white outline
Capacity	15 rounds
Grips	polymer
Features: slide cut for optical sight, modular back-straps, RTF grip texturing, reversible magazine release, extended slide stop lever, 2 extra magazines, magazine loader, cleaning rod, bore brush, padded carrying case, cable lock & owner's manual.	



Above: The G35 Gen4 MOS proved a fine-handling, easy-shooting pistol.

Above right: Targets fired from a rest at 25m.

Right: The G35 Gen4 MOS handled the El Presidente drill with ease, as this trio of nicely ventilated targets shows.




Glock USA sent me a G35 Gen4 MOS pistol to evaluate. I mounted a Leupold Delta Point optical sight on it, which proved straight forward and easy, even for someone as fumble-fingered as yours truly. This sight is compact, light, has a wide field of view

and, as I would discover, is practical, rugged and reliable. The factory sights are too low to see through the optical sight so shooters desiring to do so will have to mount higher iron sights on their pistol. (This method of aiming can be used without the need to first switch the red dot sight on, or in case the battery should be flat.)

It took about a dozen rounds to zero the Leupold sight. The trigger on this pistol had a rather gritty stroke, and while it broke within factory specs according to my trigger-pull scale, it required a bit of nursing along. Once I had the hang of it I was able to produce well-centered 55mm to 80mm groups with five different loads.

I RAN THE G35 MOS through an offhand drill that has the shooter facing away from three targets placed seven metres in front of the firing line. On signal he turns, draws and fires two shots on each target, reloads and double-taps each target again. These tests further reinforced my positive opinion of the Gen4 modifications, especially the extended back-strap and enlarged magazine release. Though it took me a while to get used to the dot sight (that little red dot sure bounces around a lot) after a bit of practice I was making multiple shots on the three targets and keeping most in the A-zones.

I found the G35 Gen4 MOS simple to use, easy to shoot, accurate and utterly reliable throughout the 350+ rounds my wife Becky and I ran through it during two sessions. If you're looking for a pistol that will let you test the waters in Open Division competitions – without the expense of building a custom race gun – the Glock 35 Gen4 MOS will fill the bill nicely. 



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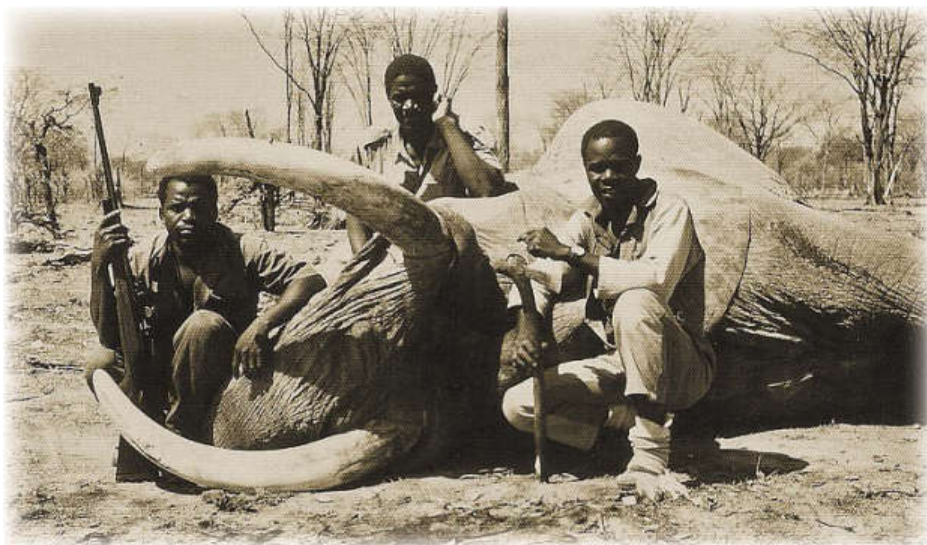
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Surrounded by Elephant

by **GEOFF WAINWRIGHT**



From left: Wireless, old man White and Labkin with Gordon's elephant.

IN 1980, I was hunting with the late Gordon O'Brien in the Luangwa valley in Zambia's North Eastern Province. We had parked our battered old Land Rover beneath a grove of trees overlooking the Luangwa river and we lay on a tarpaulin, our energy sapped by the cruel midday sun.

We had just returned to camp; shirts and boots were strewn about and our feet were burning. Hunting elephant in October is not for sissies. My Holland & Holland .375 and Gordon's new Cogswell & Harrison were propped against the trunk of our tree, and I could hear the voices of our men as they cooled off in the shallows. My mind scrolled back to when this quest had begun a month earlier, in Gordon's kitchen in my home town of Kitwe on the copper-belt. With his wife Jenny present, we drank our beers and planned the hunt.

Pinched for money, we had only one licence. Jenny fixed me with a solemn stare. "Your experience is limited to one elephant and a few birds. You have cajoled my husband into buying a .375 to hunt dangerous game and you are a damned idiot." The atmosphere was tense. Gordon and I took deep gulps of beer. "This is an opportunity of a lifetime and I have to take it," said Gordon.

We drove for two days on the Great North Road in a Land Rover towing Gordon's heavy trailer weighed down with our camp gear. Our pace was such that villagers on bikes carrying bags of charcoal passed us. Time dragged. Hours later we reached the end of the plateau, the start of the Muchinga escarpment overlooking the Luangwa valley. We began our descent in four-wheel-drive, the trailer threatening to slip over the edge of the sheer drop. I got out and

walked, guiding the truck to safety over the boulder-strewn track. Hours later we reached the bottom. Relieved, we motored on into deep shade, dwarfed by the towering *muchingas*.

Our next challenge was the Motondo river. We took the fan belt off, covered the radiator with a sack and the distributor with clay. I clambered onto the bonnet and Gordon drove into the water. We laboured up-stream, the vehicle rocking violently over the river bed. The wheels lost traction, the engine cut out and we were suddenly stranded in mid-stream. The notorious Motondo river crossing had claimed yet another victim.

WATER BEGAN TO pour into the cab and I shouted, "Save the rifles!" Gordon passed them up to me with our ammunition belts. The current was strong. Gordon forced the door open and fell into the river. I watched as he disappeared below the depths then I saw an occasional arm or leg thrashing as the water carried him downstream. Finally he found his feet and stood up, swearing. I jumped in and we burst into laughter.

We waded to the Landy, stripped down to our underpants and got out the winch. After anchoring the cable to a tree, we took turns to work the lever. Slowly our Landy and trailer inched forward and up the opposite bank. That night, we made a fire and the heat dried out the engine. With our rifles at arm's reach, we slept to the sound of the river. Gordon woke me early with coffee as a beautiful green Knysna



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**Author on the Great North Road, drinking from
a water bag.**

Lourie perched above us with its loud "kkow-kkow-kkow" call. We smiled and savoured the moment.

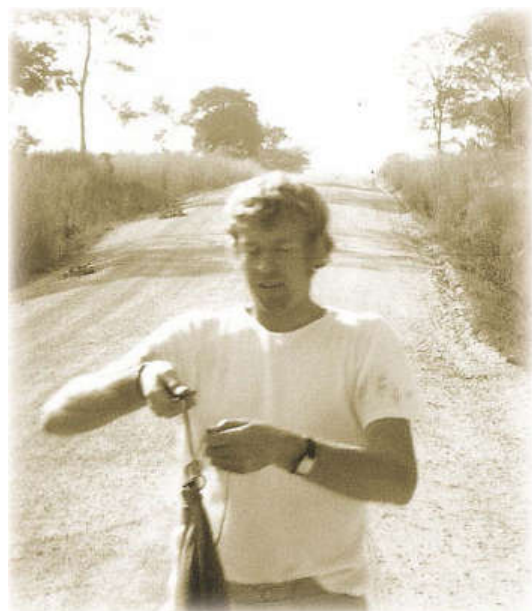
Gordon took his rifle and fishing rod down to the river while I replaced the fan belt. I heard a shot, and a while later he reappeared with a duiker slung over his shoulder and proceeded to gut and skin the little antelope.

Continuing our journey we came across our first elephant sign and our spirits surged. The day became very hot and the engine boiled, turning the cab into a sauna, so we pulled off for a rest in the shade of an ancient baobab tree. Here we took off the Landy's doors.

Later we arrived at Chief Nabwalay's village, where each thatched hut had a pawpaw and a banana tree. The headman greeted us and we sat on stools beneath a mango tree, waiting to pay our respects to the chief when he arrived. A toothless old woman shuffled forward to accept our gifts of duiker meat and whisky. Then the crowd of dusty women

***A toothless old
woman accepted
our gifts of duiker
meat and whisky***

and children parted as Labkin appeared, followed by Wireless and old man White who greeted us with smiles. They were employed by Zambia Safaris as a hunting crew, and since the safari season was over, they were looking for work. They greeted their chief in the traditional manner of the Bisa people, bowing and clapping twice before touching the right elbow and shaking his hand. Then they shook ours. Sorghum beer was called for and the calabash did the rounds. Once the council was completed they climbed aboard and in high spirits we finally entered the Game Management Area of Munyamadzi which lay between South and North Luangwa National Parks.



The mopane trees had been torn to shreds by elephants; dung piles and strips of bark lay strewn about. The sun was setting in glorious colours and finally, greeted by hippo honks, we arrived at the Luangwa river and set up camp. White made a fire, clanging pots as he prepared supper. Worn out, we turned to our sleeping bags veiled with mosquito nets. But it was too hot to sleep; I lay tossing and turning in the humid silence of the night.

BEHIND CAMP, a stone's throw away, was a thicket, and I heard a faint crackle come from there. I sat up and stared into the gloom. Across the river a hyena whooped. Another sound emerged from the thicket, becoming louder. Then I recognised it as the soft rumble made by an elephant's stomach. I strained my eyes and a black silhouette slowly appeared. For an animal of such great bulk, it moved silently. The inky black shape now formed a recognizable head and shoulders. It raised its trunk and its right tusk arched gracefully against the night sky. It was a lone bull!

With a loud crack it snapped off a branch from a tamarind tree, and began to feed. I groped for my binoculars and whispered to Gordon to wake up. The bull swung around and faded into the darkness. Gordon cursed. He confessed that he'd thought it was a hippo. We lay awake watching the morning star fade.

At sunrise we left White to guard the camp and took up the spoor, which held promise of good ivory. Labkin had his Afri-

can axe wedged over his shoulder; Wireless was weighed down with water bags, and our rifles were loaded with solids. The morning was still cool. The bull had remained in the forest close to the river. His spoor followed a tunnel through the dense undergrowth then led us out into the blazing sun.

We began to perspire, and drank some water. Wireless and Labkin pointed to the fringe of the river, where we just got a glimpse of the bull as it vanished. We broke into a jog, following the tracks down to the river's edge where the massive imprints in the white sand led into the water. Just in time we saw the bull going up the opposite bank, its boulder-like body bisected by the dark water-line. It ambled up the bank, sap-stained tusks jutting out as it entered the Luambe National Park. Disappointed and weary, we collapsed in some shade, removed our boots and slept until late afternoon before trudging back to camp.

THE INLAND WATERHOLES had dried, so the thirst-driven game was lured to the river. The Luangwa valley harboured more wildlife than any other similar territory in Zambia. Herds of dust-covered buffalo, like dark grey larva, flowed through the woodland, along with scores of zebra, eland and the occasional black rhino. Elephant were everywhere.

One day, with Labkin carrying our water bags on a stick over his shoulder, we took up the spoor of a group of bachelor bulls which led us into dense forest. The bulls joined a herd of breeding cows, some in season, others with calves. We found ourselves trapped in the middle of a great herd. Our nerves on edge, we decided to retreat through ground dotted with fresh mounds of dung, hoping this would mask our scent. Labkin led, Gordon and I followed with rifles ready. We crouched low and hid behind tree trunks, standing dead still as elephants advanced and then passed us. Then we sneaked in among some high termite mounds and took cover.

The elephants were so close we watched every cushioned footfall. An old cow, the matriarch, loomed towards us, unaware of our presence. The intensifying heat caused a whirlwind which danced and twisted over the ground, picking up dry leaves in a hot cauldron of dust. Then the wind betrayed our presence. Stressed out by the oppressive heat, the old cow trumpeted so loudly that our blood curdled and then she charged. With trunk raised she trampled a low tree, her ragged ears flapping and tusks threatening. We took aim, ready for a brain shot. Suddenly she stopped, shook her massive head, one forefoot off the ground, swaying slowly like a pendulum. Then she violently attacked the nearest tree, wrenched it from the ground and threw it over her back. Seemingly satisfied, she backed away, then heaved around and joined her herd.



Author (left) and the late Gordon O'Brien with a buffalo taken on a different hunt.

Suddenly Wireless and Labkin shouted as a bull charged us from behind. Dust exploded from beneath its huge feet as the old bull silently came on with deadly intent, ears flattened against his head, trunk coiled up. Initially stunned in disbelief, I watched as Gordon held his ground while Labkin and Wireless bolted. Gordon aimed just below the eye-line and fired. I saw the puff of dust fly and

the bull faltered and turned sideways. I placed my shot just behind its shoulder. We worked our bolts and fired at its rear end but missed the spine and the bull disappeared between the trees. Moments later the bush hushed and we heard a distant crack as the bull went down.

Labkin and Wireless sheepishly appeared. We found the old bull lying on his side; a magnificent beast. The tusks were heavy, worth a king's ransom to us. We remained silent and paid homage to the fallen monarch. The experience would be forever branded onto our consciousness; we had matured from gung-ho youths to mature hunters. ■

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The Bobbejaanboud Ram

by MC HEUNIS

I HAVE ALWAYS had a healthy admiration for our hardy pioneering forefathers and the primitive firearms they hunted with in untamed South Africa. Stories of hunters armed with smooth-bore flintlocks, lead ball ammunition and a lot of courage, taking on fleet-footed antelope, ferocious predators and charging pachyderms, have always left me in awe. I always hankered to experience this type of life first-hand.

SHOOTING A flintlock – even just on the range – is an extremely humbling and sometimes frustrating experience, leading some to say it is sheer madness to hunt with one. Today's academic writers are quick to refer to the pioneer's "modern European firearm technology", but until you have experienced these rock-locks, you would never have thought that so many things could go wrong. Several factors can prevent your gun from going 'boom' – a blocked flash-hole, a blunt flint, a soft frizzen or damp powder. These and other irritating habits of flintlocks doubtless gave rise to new swear words throughout the civilised world. But few things are as satisfying as mastering this temperamental beast.

A few years back, Classic Arms catered to my wishes for a replica Dutch-style flintlock musket bearing what the early Cape settlers called a *bobbejaanboud* stock, referring to the down-curved underside of the buttstock which added weight and lent it the appearance of a baboon's thigh. Classic Arms commissioned a batch of these guns from Delhi Gun House

in India. For a couple of years some of my friends and I, who share an interest in Voortrekker and pioneering history, played around with our replicas. Some quickly found their musket's 'sweet-spot', while others like me had a bit more trouble getting it to perform. I wanted to hunt with mine, so I had to get it shooting accurately before taking on a game animal. After lots of range time and tinkering, I finally found a good combination of ball, patch and powder charge, sorted out my sights

*Few things are as
satisfying as
mastering this tem-
peramental beast*

and adjusted the lock and trigger sufficiently to achieve satisfactory performance. That said, it remains a smooth-bore with crude sights and one must know its limitations. Range work is one thing; to hunt with this tall, heavy piece was going to be a completely different ball game (pun intended).

OF COURSE, in today's South Africa, it is not possible to re-enact the kind of hunts the Voortrekkers undertook. It must be understood that they were *subsistence* hunters – they hunted for survival – for meat, and to sell the hides and ivory to buy wagons, salt, clothing, maize-meal, flour, weapons, gunpowder

and lead. They could not afford to give thought to sporting ethics. Besides, in their day, Africa's game seemed limitless. Hunters often used their horses to get close to a large herd of antelope and then fired shots into the swirling masses. Then they would watch for wounded animals slowing down or separating from the herd, and follow them. Of course, many wounded animals escaped to die wasted deaths. Today this would be considered extremely unethical. The vast herds are no more. Hunting laws now exist, a hunting ethic has evolved, and I am subject to such. This makes hunting with a flintlock hugely challenging.

FIRSTLY, I NEED to get very close to the prey – 25 to 30m. At this distance I can place the .75 calibre ball within a circle the size of the animal's vital organs. Beyond 30m I cannot do so with any certainty. This would limit me to *voorsit* hunting or subject me to many a failed stalk.

Bear in mind that you have only one shot. Also, the cloud of smoke from the pan and muzzle obscures your target for a few seconds – enough time to lose sight of the animal. It makes sense to bring along a friend as a spotter.

Finally the day came when I was invited to a traditional black powder hunt in the Waterberg bushveld where a number of like-minded individuals got together to recreate a week-long hunting expedition straight out of the 1800s. The rules were simple: on arrival you get into a time machine, go back 150 years, and start hunting! All

In camp with the replica Delhi Gun House
bobbajaanboud flintlock.





The bush country we hunted in.

camping gear, guns and equipment was to be in the spirit of that era. Processing of game would likewise be 1800s style, which meant no farm owner's bakkie, no cold rooms and no paid farm hands to do the dirty work.

ON ARRIVAL we set up a period camp and then shot in our firearms to foul the barrels. Early next morning we were all dressed up with somewhere to go. Equipped with hunting knives, bullet pouches, powder horns, knapsacks containing gun-tools, a strong *riem* or two, biltong, nuts and dried fruit, we made off into the bush.

Once out of camp, we loaded and readied our firearms, and the walking began. Max and I, two Free Staters, decided to stick together and try for impala, warthog and kudu cows. I carried my bobbejaanboud replica and he an original Westley Richards "Monkey Tail" capping breechloader. We crossed the dry bed of the Sand river and headed west through the thickets at the base of the Waterberg range. With the sun behind us and no breeze to carry our smell to the animals, we walked stealthily along the sandy game tracks, stopping every few yards to look and listen. Game spoor was everywhere and it was the rutting season for impala – rams were regularly giving away their positions by bellowing at challengers.

Within a few minutes we saw a

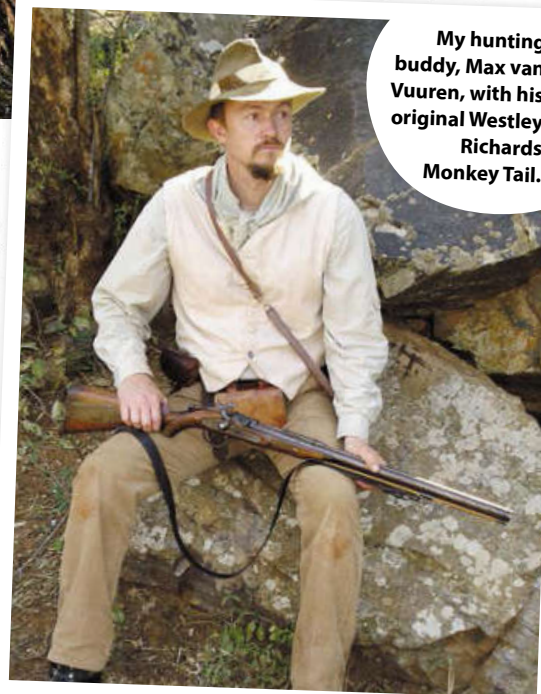
small herd of impala moving to our right. Suddenly a big kudu bull appeared out of a bush almost behind us. We froze as the bull slowly proceeded past us at about 50m, stopping every now and again to look in our direction as if he knew something wasn't right. Fortunately for him, we knew the limitations of our firearms (and budget) so we allowed this majestic ghost of the bush to pass by unharmed. That awesome sight will surely stay with us for many years to come.

SOON AFTER this we spotted two warthogs. We slowly stalked them and managed to get within 30m unnoticed. Still a bit nervous about my ability with the flintlock I signalled Max to take the shot. He dropped the pig in its tracks. With its head off, *derms uit*, we lashed the carcass to a makeshift carrying pole and proudly walked back to the camp with our first kill. Bushveld meat on a stick.

The next couple of days' hunting was pleasant but brought no success and I started wondering if I should not have taken the shot at that pig with my bobbejaanboud.

In the early morning of the fourth day we followed a dry river bed as far

east as it could take us and then went halfway up a koppie. Here we turned west so as to hunt with the rising sun behind us and with the gentle breeze in our faces – ideal stalking conditions. Slowly we made our way west, frequently stopping to look and listen. We walked in single file, close up so as to cast only one shadow ahead of us. Happily, we came upon a pair of babblers; their rasping, whirring, grating crescendo of sound was marvellous to hear.



My hunting buddy, Max van Vuuren, with his original Westley Richards Monkey Tail.

After about an hour we came to a rocky patch with very tall grass in between the stones. We made our way slowly through the tall growth, careful to disturb as little as possible. I almost stepped on a pair of partridges which quickly made off, fortunately without making too much noise. Then suddenly I saw a pair of impala horns sticking out from behind a bush about 100m directly in front of us. That's strange, I thought to myself. Why would a ram be down under a bush at this time of the morning? The bush partly obscured the ram from us and he was facing north. The scenario immediately reminded me of the Bible story of Abraham and Isaac

finding a ram with its horns caught in the bush on the mountain!

Crawling with a 1.6 metre flintlock is not easy, so we opted to remain upright and proceeded as quietly as possible. The long grass helped to conceal our progress and the sun directly behind us must have dazzled the ram every time he looked in our direction. The going was slow, and every time the ram turned his head in our direction we froze. Then, just as if we were in a scene from an old Jamie Uys movie, a *kwêvoël* (grey lourie) suddenly flew over us and perched in a tree to our left. It promptly started doing its bit to warn the ram of the imminent danger. It occurred to me how apt the English name 'Go-away bird' is for this spoiler of hunts. "Go-waaaaaay!" it cried. The ram was wary now, but still failed to spot us. After a few tense moments that seemed like hours, the bird lost interest and flew away. We remained quiet for a few moments more to make sure the ram was still unaware of our presence.

WHEN WE WERE about 25m from the ram I knew it was time to take my shot. I slowly brought the musket to my shoulder simultaneously cocking the hammer to the last notch. This sound and movement immediately made the ram look in our direction; he promptly snorted and started to get up.

I was acutely conscious that the past hour's slow, hard work would now either come to a dramatic climax or end in nothing. As the ram got up I aimed at his shoulder, but then realized that his back was sloping strangely and he was struggling to move forward. Images of a hind leg caught in a wire snare flashed through my mind. I realised that whatever the ram's problem might be, it meant that he was not going to stand perfectly still, so I held my aim on the shoulder as best I could and squeezed the trigger. Smoke engulfed us and when it cleared I saw the ram was down. We ran forward. It was still moving, so we quickly grabbed it and slit the throat. On closer inspection, we found no snare, nor anything that had entan-

The bobbejaanboud and the impala ram, a scene that could be from 150 years ago.



gled him in the bush. Puzzled, we inspected the area around the bush and found a spot where the grass had been violently levelled and the many hoof prints indicated a struggle.

The horns were those of a very mature ram – two inches short of qualifying for Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game*. He was an old fighter who had probably fought his last battle during the night. He still had fresh grass in his stomach, and he had no external or internal wounds other than that made by my bullet. He looked healthy, and we concluded that he probably injured his spine during his territorial battle with a challenging ram.

Again, in the spirit of the 19th century tradition, we made a carry-pole from a tree branch, lashed the ram to it and carried it back to the camp on our shoulders. Fortunately, the flintlock's characteristic low-toned boom was heard all the way back at the camp and before too long, help arrived in the form of a longer pole and fresh legs and shoulders to help us carry the heavy ram back to camp. Soon the liver and kidneys were on the fire and... well, the scene took me back 200 years or so. 🇳🇱



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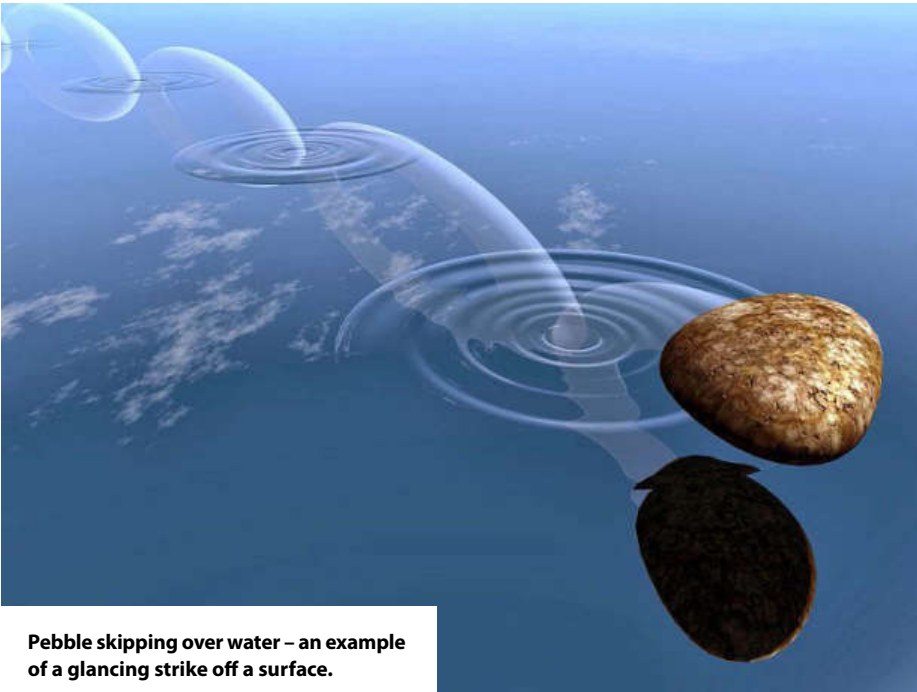
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Ricochets – Getting Your Own Back

by **ROGER INGLE**



Pebble skipping over water – an example of a glancing strike off a surface.

RICOCHET! Derived from the French term to *give and take*, the word's meaning will be familiar to most shooters – or should be. Some may have come close to receiving a rebounding bullet, or wondered where their own deflected bullet ended up. That a shooter's life can be in danger from ricochets is well illustrated in a spectacular YouTube clip found under *Guy hit with .50 caliber ricochet*. The clip shows a massive 50 BMG rifle being fired off a rest at a distant target of some sort. The bullet, weighing about 700gr, comes straight back, deflects off the ground and hits the shooter in the face.

Strictly speaking, the term ricochet refers to bullets that rebound back towards the shooter but in this article

I will include deflection, where, after a glancing strike, the flight of the bullet deviates to a new trajectory. Both pose a potential danger, whether back at the firing point and adjacent areas or down range and beyond. It is an important safety issue which deserves attention. Why do some bullets do this and what can be done to prevent it?

RICOCHETS ARE most likely to happen when one plinks frivolously at unsuitable objects, these being items that have a hard surface resilience and a mass with sufficient inertia to deflect rather than absorb or transfer the bullet's energy. Ricochets are less likely to occur at well-managed shooting ranges with proper back-stops.

Obviously the probability increases at short distances and also with very hard targets as in some silhouette shooting exercises. This is where tough steel plates of different sizes and profiles are arranged at various distances. However, the potential danger in this case is alleviated by allowing the plates to easily fall off the low pedestals on which they are arranged. It ensures that the plates offer very little resistance to bullet strikes. Many years ago, during my early and less experienced shooting days, I constructed a shooting gong, a contraption with a suspended thick steel disc that could freely swing in a frame, the idea being that one could shoot at the gong without having to go forward to reset it. It was a bad idea. I soon realised its potential to cause ricochets despite the gong's loose suspension. I concluded that the only safe hard targets are plates like those correctly designed for the sport of silhouette shooting.

RICOCHETS MAY also occur in the hunting field. This would be the result of hitting a bullet-deflecting surface like a hard rock at the backdrop to the shot. But the chance of an exact 180 degree return to the shooter or those nearby will be low. Bullets passing through the quarry will shed much of their energy in the tissue. Even in the case of a miss, the lead-cored expanding bullets used for hunting will transfer most of their energy on impact.

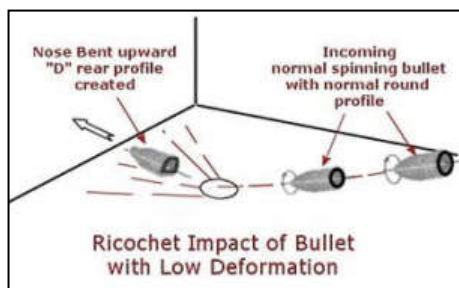
However, glancing strikes off a surface are a different matter. Even off water or turf, if the strike is at a very

shallow angle, the bullet will have little or no deformation and be less likely to tumble. In this case it may retain aerodynamic stability with little loss in velocity. This deflection is similar to a pebble being made to skip across a pond. An interesting water deflection test done by Winchester using .22 long rifle ammunition showed a loss of only 45fps from an initial velocity of 1240fps. So a deflection can be just as lethal as a direct flight down range. Fragile obstructions like tall grass and brush will also deflect bullets albeit with little energy absorption. The question is how much deflection? The law of momentum tells us that heavier bullets at higher velocities will be less deflected than lighter and/or slower ones.

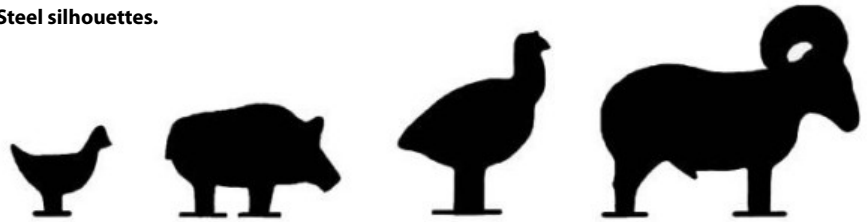
THE ABILITY TO deflect shots off water and flat surfaces did not go unnoticed by naval men and gunners manning field artillery. In the days of the man-of-war, many broadsides were fired low to allow the shots to bounce off the water and strike near the enemy vessels' waterline. This was more effective in inflicting damage than that of a high angle, descending trajectory. Range and terrain permitting, cannon balls on the battle field were also often fired low, causing the shot to bounce through enemy lines and beyond. Again, the damage was more devastating than that of a descending ball.

As in snooker, the path of round balls after deflection off a relatively flat surface is more predictable than for

Deflection.



Steel silhouettes.

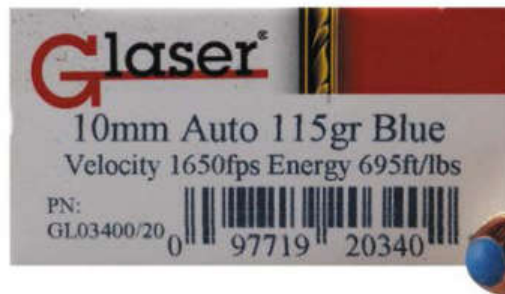


other shapes. Other than the shallowest of deflection angles, non-spherical projectiles will tumble. This instability causes massive aerodynamic drag with a corresponding loss in velocity and energy. The use of deflecting shots came to an end with the change to cylindro-conical shells and their flatter trajectories. However, the principal of deflection was later and famously used by the Dam Busters – though

yield strength of the material it strikes. Yield strength is an engineering term. It is the stress necessary for a material to begin to deform permanently or fracture. Below this figure, the material will return to its original shape when the force is removed.

CALIBRATED TEST equipment can put numbers to this property but it is a complicated subject and of little interest to the shooter. It is sufficient to say that hard, tough materials will cause ricochets more readily than softer, more compliant ones. Monolithic bullets machined from metals harder than the more common jacketed lead-core designs will shed less energy and may be more inclined to ricochet.

However, there are contradictions to this statement. In the 1960s, specialised handgun bullets for law enforcement, constructed



Glaser fragmenting bullet.



the bomb was not a spherical shape as believed at the time. It was a cylindrical shape like a 44 gallon drum and was spun before release, causing frightening vibrations in the aircraft. The spinning in the direction of the trajectory enhanced the ability to deflect repeatedly off the water surface.

The propensity for a bullet to ricochet depends largely on the yield strength of the bullet material and the



The gong – a bad idea.



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with cores made from exceptionally hard materials, were tested, the idea being that the risk of deflection off armour glass windshields and some other surfaces, which had been observed in shootings, could be reduced by their armour-piercing ability. The notion was that if a bullet can lose most of its energy penetrating a hard surface, there will be less chance of a ricochet or deflection. They were coated with Teflon to reduce the otherwise excessive barrel wear due to the hard material.

THIS LED TO the Teflon-coated bullet fiasco in sensational TV and press reporting where all Teflon-coated bullets were said to be able to penetrate body armour and were thus erroneously called Cop-Killers. Teflon does not improve a bullet's penetration ability. Another approach was frangible bullets like the Glaser Safety Slug which disintegrated on impact, developed in an attempt to eliminate the possibility

Shootouts in the movies abound with the whine of tumbling ricochets

of ricochets. In both cases the design is to minimise the risk to bystanders caught in a law enforcement fire fight.

Shootouts in the movies abound with the whine of tumbling ricochets. Like the fake muzzle flashes and sparks that fly on impact with car bodies and other surfaces, the sounds are, of course, dubbed in for dramatic effect. Then there is the recurring trick shot of bouncing a bullet off a number of pre-arranged surfaces in a saloon and to finally be caught in the trickster's mouth or hand. Humbug! A non-spherical bullet will tumble after the first strike and even a spherical one will have a flight which will be impossible to predict with any accuracy. In a forensic study, a multiple ricochet path may be explained after the event but not so with any certainty before the shot.

Then there is the double-deflection trick. An axe blade is set up facing the trick shooter with two balloons a little further back on either side; the idea being for the bullet to split in two with the two halves striking the balloons. Impressive, but the truth is the bullet will fragment on striking the axe blade, with some of the particles bound to hit the two balloons. Besides, most of the trick shooters loaded their lever-action rifles with fine bird-shot loads which probably spread widely enough to pop both balloons even without the axe blade.

THE PREVENTION of possible ricochets and potentially dangerous bullet deflections is largely common sense and second nature to most shooters. This is verified by the very few accidents resulting from this phenomenon. ■

Mamba!

deur **LOUIS WILDENBOER**



Foto – Johan Marais.

DIE WOORD “MAMBA” veroorsaak onmiddellike ongemak by baie jagters of hy nou in die veld loop of by die huis sit. Dit roep beelde op van ’n slang waarteen jy geen kans staan nie. ’n Onaangename ervaring met ’n swartmamba – of *makoppa* soos daar in die Waterberge na hom verwys word – bly ’n onvergeetlike ervaring.

Die swartmamba (*Dendroaspis polylepis*) is een van die grootste en giftigste slange in Suider-Afrika en ’n volwasse slang kan gemaklik met tot ’n derde van sy voorlyf van die grond

af beweeg. Dit is bedags aktief wanneer dit prooi jag soos voëltjies, knaagdiers en ander kleinerige soogdiere. Die swartmamba lê graag in die son en bak, en volgens bronne sal dit elke dag na dieselfde plek terug keer indien dit nie gesteur word nie. Die volwasse slang is gemiddeld drie meter lank hoewel langer swartmambas al opgeteken is. Die swartmamba is ’n skugter slang en vermy egter kontak met mense.

As hy bedreig voel maak die slang sy bek oop. Enige skielike beweging in die stadium sal die slang laat pik. Met

sy bek oop kan die mamba se swart verhemelte gesien word. Dit is die oorsprong van dié slang se naam. ’n Swartmamba is gewoonlik olyf-bruin tot grys van kleur.

Dit gebruik ’n sterk neurotoksiese gif, waarvan die mamba ’n groot hoeveelheid met een byt kan toedien, wat vinnig deur die prooi se liggaam versprei en die senuweestelsel aantast.

WANNER DIE slang pik sukkel die slagoffer met sy asemhaling en versmoring kan intree oor ’n tydperk van 6 tot 15 uur, indien geen behandeling toegepas word nie. In ernstige gevalle verswak die slagoffer vinniger.

Kenner se raad is om eerder kontak met ’n swartmamba te vermy, maar dit is egter nie altyd moontlik nie. Danny Bartlett van Onguma, oos van Etosha in Namibië, het ’n voorval met dié slang oorleef danksy vinnig optrede deur sy gesin, ’n vriend en mediese personeel.

DANNY EN SY gesin bly op ’n plaas; 10km vanaf sy naaste bure en 105km vanaf Tsumeb. Die voorkoms van slange op die plaaswerf was nie iets ongewoon nie. Die gesin het meestal te doen gekry met pofadders en so nou en dan ’n spoegkobra of zebbraslang of een van die skadelose slang spesies. Die voorvalle was meestal in die somer.

Tydens ’n somersaand, om ongeveer nege-uur, roep die sekuriteitswag van die plaas vir Danny oor ’n slang wat hy in sy kamer gesien het. Die wag se kamer is bo-op die betondak van die werkwinkel. Danny, sy vrou Carmen, sy oudste seun Dudley (15) en ’n huisvriend, PJ Schoombee, stel ondersoek in. Danny neem ’n windbuks en gee vir PJ ’n .22 geweer om saam te neem.

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By die werkwinkel was die lig in die wag se kamer aan. Danny en PJ stap in en sien die slang by 'n meelsak teen die agterste muur. Hulle skiet elkeen 'n skoot, maar dis mis en die slang verdwyn.

Toe die slang sy kop naby die deurkopsyn uitsteek, sien hulle hom en skiet weer. PJ se skoot is raak maar die mamba verdwyn weereens. Die volgende oomblik kom die slang te voorskyn en pyl op die deur af, sy kop sowat 'n meter van die vloer af, met Danny in sy pad. PJ kry dit reg om betyds by die deur uit te glip.

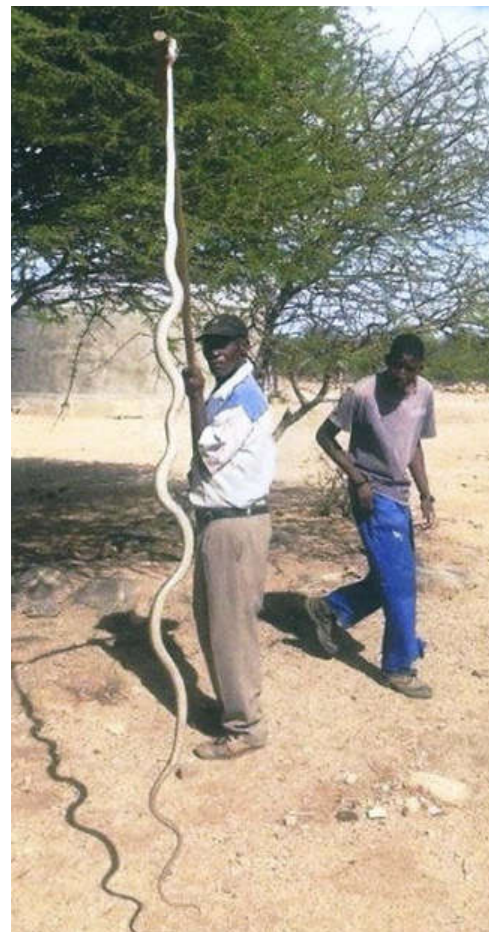
DANNY PROBEER met die windbuks om die slang se gang te verander, maar die vinnig bewegende mamba bereik hom en pik hom op sy linker binnebeen; ongeveer 12cm bokant die knie. Toe Danny die onderpunt van die trap bereik vertel hy vir die res dat die slang hom gepik het.

Carmen deel vinnig bevele uit aan Dudley en PJ gaan haal 'n voertuig om Danny by die hospitaal te kry. Ongeveer twee minute na hy gebyt is begin Danny 'n prikkeling in sy lippe en tong voel en proe hy 'n galbitter smaak in sy mond. Die prikkelings word met tyd erger en versprei deur sy hele lyf.

Dudly het intussen sy T-hemp en gordel gebruik as 'n soort drukverband om sy pa se been te draai. Danny word in die voertuig gelaai en met Dudley langs hom, ry PJ so vinnig hy kan Tsumeb toe. Die eerste gedeelte is grondpad met twee hekke, maar die res is gelukkig teerpad.

Bo: Die stoor waar die slang Danny gebyt het. Die wag se kamer is in die middel met wit deur.

Onder: 'n Swartmamba gedood te Okahandja, Namibie, in Januarie 2014.





Danny en sy oudste seun Dudly.
Inset: Dudly het 'n toekenning vir
uitsonderlike dapperheid van sy
skool, Tsumeb Gimnasium, ontvang.



Carmen het intussen die Tsumeb
hospitaal gebel met die nuus dat Danny
op pad is. Tydens die rit hou Dudly sy pa
aan die gesels en praat hom moed in.
Danny vertel dat die prikkelings in sy
lyf erger geword het en dat hy kon voel
hoe hy swakker word. Hy word onder




'n 3,31m swartmamba gedood in 1960 naby die skrywer se
veldkantoor, te KwaMashu, naby Durban.

meer naar,
begin kwyf,
erg sweet en
sy asemhal-
ing verswak.
Hy kon skaars
'n gesprek voer
toe hulle by die
hospitaal aankom.

Hier is hy onmiddellik
anti-serum en suurstof
toegedien en 'n kort rukkie daarna kon
hy weer bietjie gesels.

Ten spyte van Danny se verbeter-
ing laat kom die Tsumeb hospitaal se

personeel 'n vliegtuig vanaf Windhoek.
Hy word in die Windhoek Katolieke Hos-
pitaal opgeneem met sy erg geswelde
been. Danny is na vier dae se behande-
ling terug huis toe.


Danny is nou deel van 'n groepie
mense wat deur 'n swartmamba gebyt
is en dit oorleef het. Die slang wat
Danny gepik het, is saam met hom by
die deur uit en het onder op die werk-
winkel se vloer te lande gekom waar
die wag dit doodgemaak het. Dudly
is later vereer deur sy skool, Tsumeb
Gimnasium, vir die rol wat hy gespeel
het tydens die voorval. 

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550 .308 Win; 243 Win	R13 500
550 Varminter .308 Win	R16 000
HOWA: 1500 .204 Ruger SS Syn Var	R8 000
1500 6.5x55Se, synthetic stock	R8 700
1500 Varminter synthetic .308 Win	R9 500
1500 6.5x55Se, laminated T/H stock	R9 999
1500 .204 Ruger stainless Lam Hunter	R10 400
1500 Varminter laminated .308 Win	R10 900
MARLIN: X7 .30-06 Combo, incl. Weaver 3-9 x 40	R8 150
X7 Varminter 26", cal.: 223 Rem and .308 Win	R10 450
MOSSBERG: 88 28" Pla 5+1 12ga	R5 900
ATR 243 Win	R6 900
MUSGRAVE: M98 Field .243 Win	R15 900
M98 Sporter .308 Win	R17 800
M98 Field Magnum .300H&H mag	R18 900
M98 26" Varminter .308 Win, lam green	R19 500
REMINGTON: 783 .30-06, 270	R8 850
700 SPS Tactical .308 Win	R12 999
SABATTI: Rover Tactical Var Fluted Syn	
.308 and .243 Win	R21 000
SAKO: 85 Hunter .243 Win	R24 000
85 Lam SS .25-06	R26 000
85 Brownbear .375 H&H	R31 200
STEYR MANNLICHER: Pro Hunter, cal.: 270 Win	R15 999
TIKKA: T3 African Hunter .243 Win	R14 500
T3 African Hunter .308 Win	R16 500
VOERE: LBW .375H&H Mag	R16 000
WEATHERBY: Vanguard SS Sin, cal.: 308 Win	R13 250
WINCHESTER: Alaskan .300 WM	R16 700
Coyote lite Varminter .22-250 Rem	R19 000
ZASTAVA: M-98 .375H&H Mag	R10 000

SHOTGUNS	
BERETTA: SP1 686, 28", Field M/C	R24 100
CTS: Adj Sporting 128	R26 500
CZ: Woodcock 12ga Olu M/C	R16 750
KRAL ARMS: A12 magnum 12GA semi-auto	R8 500
MOSSBERG: 88 20" Pump-action	R5 900

HANDGUNS	
CZ: P-07 Duty 9mm P	R8 000
P-07, 40 S&W	R8 000
75 P-09, 9mm P full-size, 19+1	R8 850
P-09, 0.40 S&W	R9 000
SHADOW: SP-01 9mm P	Price on request
GLOCK: Gen 4, 19 and 17, 9mm P	R8 350
Gen 4, 23 and 22, 40 S&W	R8 350
STOEGER: Cougar 8000f, 9mm P compact	R7 400
Cougar 8040f .40 S&W compact	R7 400
TAURUS: PT111 Gen2 9mm P sub compact	R6 800
PT809 9mm P	R7 150
PT247 9mm P, blue	R7 800

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Learning to Hunt Lions

by **GANYANA**

illustration

ALAN WALKER



MY INTRODUCTION to lion hunting came when I was a boy. My father was an engineer but also ranched a few cattle on the 6000ha property and lions were a constant problem. Every two or three months, a pride would cross over from Botswana, kill a few cattle on the ranches on our side of the border, and then slip back into the wildlife area on the Botswana side. Very occasionally one of them would take a herdsman. A couple of farmers made a serious effort to control the lion, but most simply asked the keen ones to deal with the problem when it occurred on their properties.

MY FATHER was singularly contemptuous of lion. "Mangy, smelly, flea-ridden, lazy cowards – by day," he would comment. My playmates at the Mission School were Bushmen (Khoisan or San), the little people whose language seems to be made up mostly of clicks – 67 clicks altogether, according to my

grandfather, who translated the Gospel of John into the San language at the mission. They told us how their parents in Botswana would often chase lion off their kills to get the meat – simply by shouting and throwing sticks. A small group would move forward with much shouting and waving of arms, while the lion would threaten them with much roaring and short, mock charges. After being hit by a few well-aimed sticks, the lion would give up and slink away, leaving the Bushmen to their meal. I twice saw this for myself. My father strongly suspected that the Bushmen obtained much of their meat by following lions around, waiting for them to make a kill and then driving them off it. It was only after being harassed and robbed of their dinners for weeks that a pride would risk a foray across the border fence and into the land of rifles and strychnine.

One day, one of the San herdsman working for my father limped into the house, a little the worse for wear. Six

lion had killed one of the cows he was looking after. Rather than let the lions get the meat, he tried to chase them off by releasing a barrage of small stones from his catapult. The lionesses gave up easily, but the pride male had obviously had enough of being chased off carcasses that his mistresses had worked so hard to kill, and he put in a determined attack.

THE LITTLE Bushman saw the charge develop and knew this one was for real. There were no convenient trees to climb, so he merely lay down and protected his neck with his hands. The lion stood over him, clouted him a few times with its paws and even tried a chew on his leg before giving up and moving off. While my mother patched him up, the herdsman explained that he had often used this defensive trick when he was growing up, and pointed to some old scars on his back, the result of a similar incident 20 years earlier.

My father's technique for problem lion was very simple. He would ask one of his San herdsmen to track for him and they would follow the pride from the kill to where they were resting up. He would then shoot one, and the remainder of the pride would depart at speed for the border. His rifle was a standard 7.9mm (8x57) Mauser model B, and the Kynoch ammunition he used worked just fine. I remember him shooting more than fifty lion and I do not recall his needing more than one shot for any.

However, it wasn't always that simple. Lion may not be the brightest animals but they aren't dumb either. They knew that the one particular four-strand cattle fence and the road running alongside it spelt safety. Occasionally, a pride even learned to stage sneak attacks across the border at night, making a quick kill and dashing back through the fence before daylight. But greed always got the better of them, and they never could resist a bait-carcass staked out just over the border. During the bush war years, when any nocturnal movement was little short of suicidal, some ranchers resorted to poisoning the carcass.

IN RHODESIA, from the age of 12, you could legally own a .22 rimfire rifle. I owned a .22lr for target shooting and a CZ .22 Rimfire Magnum for hunting and destroying pests. I also had a High Standard revolver in .22 Magnum for defence; it came with a spare cylinder in .22lr for practice. I had carried the revolver from my first day at high school – I simply handed it in at the front office when I got to school, and picked it up when I left. I did the same with my rifles. During the bush war years, in the rural areas, the authorities chose to observe the spirit rather than the letter of the law.

At fourteen, I could also obtain a licence for my light motorcycle (when I was eleven and starting high school, my father had bought me a little Honda 'monkey bike'). With the war on, it was a lot safer for me to ride the 40km to

school along the bush paths than travel the roads by car and risk hitting a landmine. Typically, Bushmen kids would finish junior school at the mission at the age of about 12 and then disappear into the Kalahari with their families. There was a mine on our place, and the foreman's son, Jan, was my best friend. Jan's father, Piet, was of mixed European and African parentage, and Jan's mother was San. Jan is still a very close friend of mine. Piet insisted on his children going



The author's long-time Bushman friend, Jan.

to high school, so Jan rode as a passenger on my monkey bike. (I always lent Jan the .22 Mag so that if we came under attack, he could shoot while I concentrated on getting away.)

Once I had my .22 Magnum rifle I could shoot the odd impala for the clans of Bushmen coming to visit their children at the mission school. As the war intensified, more and more farmers chose to offer good bounties for lion and leopard, and let someone else run the risk of being attacked by guerrilla insurgents while moving around the veld in search of these cats. I was happy to, and Jan brought along two of the older San kids to act as trackers. One hour later I had shot a leopard. I split the \$500 bounty with Jan and the two San. Cheetah had a \$2000 bounty

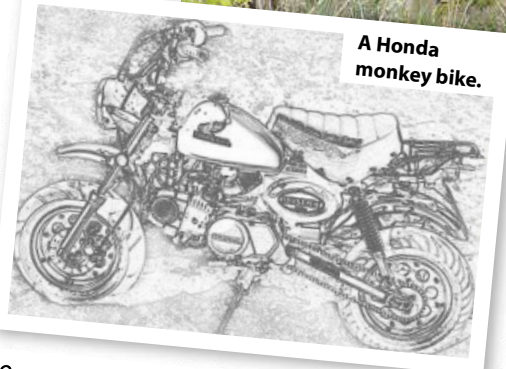
on them because they were difficult to hunt by conventional means and it was illegal to shoot one. Let's just leave it at that, but at fourteen I could start learning to fly, and when I turned 16 I was able to buy a decent Land Rover.

Being inadequately armed, I steered clear of lion. My dad wouldn't let me use his 8x57 Mauser, so I had to wait until I was 14 to have a go at lion. When I turned fourteen I could legally own and carry a centre-fire rifle and a .22 handgun. I bought a 7x57 Brno. Lion carried a \$2500 bounty for a male and \$1500 for a female. Just a few weeks after I had turned 14, the call went out that a pride of lions had taken three cows on a nearby farm. There were no other Bushmen to help, and it was also quite a distance, so Jan alone would act as tracker. He rode pillion on the monkey bike until we reached the carcass of the freshest kill, and then he sat on the handlebars with his feet on the front mudguard while I concentrated on following his directions.

AFTER ABOUT an hour of travelling at 15-20kph, Jan told me to stop, as the pride was very close. I parked the bike and we quickly moved forward. Like every Bushman I have ever known, Jan could literally run while tracking an animal. I saw nothing but an occasional track, but he quietly informed me there were three females and one big male. Up ahead we could see a small grove of knob-thorn trees which offered good shade (it was well over 40°C and shade was in short supply). "They will be under those trees," Jan confidently informed me. "How many are you going to try to shoot?" "Male first, and then as many of the lionesses as I can," I replied. We slowed our pace and turned left so as to approach the grove from downwind. Just as Jan had predicted, the lions were lying in the shade. I put a bullet into the male and he immediately ran off. The three lionesses jumped up, then crouched low and flicked their tails a few times. I was to learn that this is a sign they are about to charge – at 80km/h. In an instant they came at us.

I didn't wait, and shot the nearest lioness in the throat, then got a good shot into the second one just as she began her charge – she simply folded up. I reloaded as fast as I could while dropping to a kneeling position to face the charge of the third lioness. (Kneeling or sitting affords you the best angle to stop a charge, as lion come in low and fast; if you are standing, you have to shoot downwards, meaning you must factor in the lion's motion and speed.) I hit her in the chest but she didn't seem to notice. She smacked into me at full speed, sending me flying for a good five metres. Fortunately I had managed to hang onto my rifle; I reloaded and sat up as she turned in for the kill. My fifth bullet hit her in the throat and that was lights-out for her.

I was trying to pick myself up when Jan (who had wisely climbed a tree) shouted that the male was coming back. I reloaded three rounds from the pouch on my belt and slammed the action shut just as I saw him. He was badly hit and was running rather than charging,



A Honda monkey bike.

so my shot stopped him. As he turned to run away I got in a raking shot. This time I reloaded before trying to pick myself up. I felt as though my every rib was broken – merely breathing was painful. From his vantage point up in the tree Jan called out that the male was down.

I LIMPED OVER and explained that everything hurt like hell and I was content to wait a couple of minutes until we were sure he was dead because I didn't feel up to firing another shot. After about five minutes Jan climbed down and asked for my revolver. He put a brain shot into each of the lionesses and then told me to follow him while he made sure the male was dead. The lion appeared to have breathed his last, but wisely following the old adage, "It's the dead ones that kill you," Jan put a bullet into his brain.

The ride to the farmhouse was a nightmare of pain for me. The farmer was overjoyed and sent a tractor and trailer off to collect the dead lions while his wife poured hydrogen peroxide into the claw wounds to help prevent infection (lions' teeth and claws always harbour rotting meat full of interesting but nasty bacteria). Then the farmer put my bike in the back of the Land Rover and drove me to hospital, after which he took Jan and my bike home. The X-ray showed I had six broken ribs and two dislocated neck vertebrae requiring manipulation under anaesthetic.

IN THE MEANTIME Jan had gone to see my father (who was the local Justice of the Peace) and made it clear that as soon as the local district council paid the bounty for the lions, he wanted a letter of recommendation enabling him to buy a 12-bore shotgun and a revolver. He also used some of the money to buy a Honda monkey bike like mine.

This proved to be my first lesson that not all ammo is created equal! The old Kynoch soft points hadn't penetrated well at all, and only the side shots and neck shots actually penetrated adequately. I used a fraction of my share to buy my first reloading kit... 📺



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Namib Desert Trophies

by JOHN COLEMAN



Photo by Philip Huebsch.

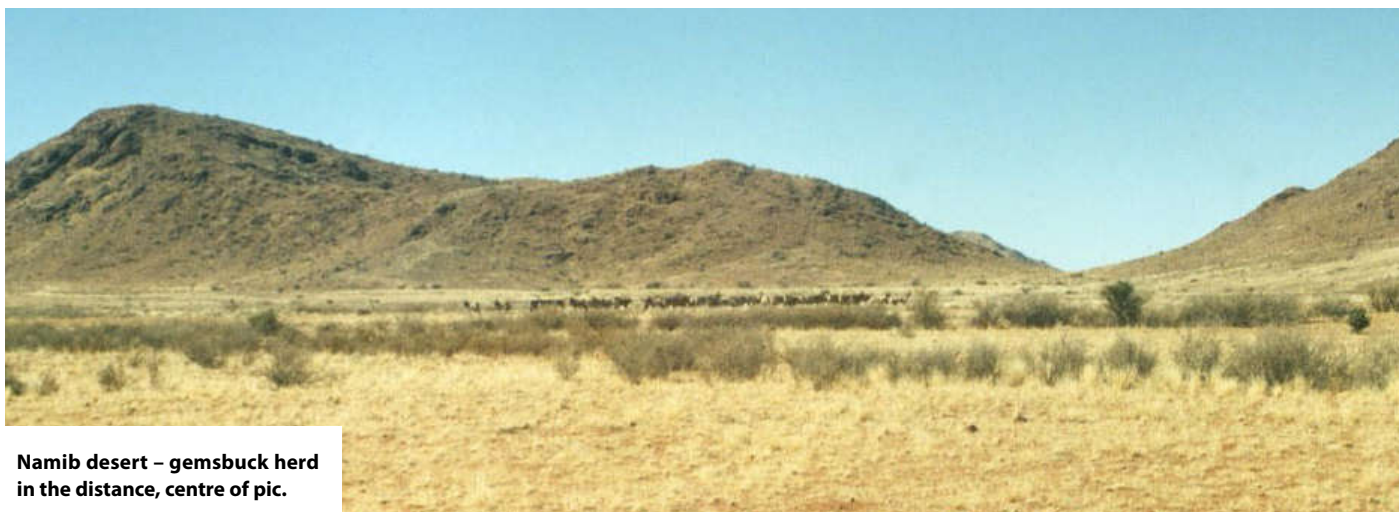
IT IS WELL KNOWN that certain species thrive and produce better trophy quality in some areas than in others. It may seem odd, but certain antelope species grow bigger in both body and horn in semi-desert areas than they do in better-watered and vegetated regions. Namibia is known for its good gemsbuck (*Oryx gazella*) and springbuck (*Antidorcas marsupialis*), particularly in the Namib Desert, Kalahari and adjacent areas.

During the 1980s, I was co-owner of a ranch near Maltahohe, on the mountainous escarpment not far from Aandster game ranch on the fringe of the Namib Desert. The 6000ha property comprised open plains, dry river beds and mountains 6000ft high on the eastern side, with scatterings of lower hills. The arid Namib could be seen in the distant west.

Vegetation was pretty sparse and scrubby, with some thorn trees growing

along the dry river beds. There were lots of huge boulders at the bottom of the hills, so I named the property Boulder Ranch. The only water was from two boreholes feeding a few drinking troughs, one pumped by a mono pump with a Lister diesel engine and the other by a windmill.

I repaired the old house, took down internal fences, used this material to raise the perimeter fence, and got the water supply working properly. I



Namib desert – gemsbuck herd in the distance, centre of pic.

also placed salt blocks strategically to encourage gemsbuck and kudu to stay on the property (they love salt). Then I started booking hunts. An old Nama man, Hendrik, and his wife lived on the farm and I employed him – he proved to be a good tracker. The Nama language is quite similar to that of the Bushmen, with a lot of clicks and strange vowel sounds.

THERE WERE herds of gemsbuck on the ranch, some kudu and springbuck, klipspringer, steenbuck, bat-eared foxes, baboons and the occasional leopard. Other ranches in the vicinity had Hartmann mountain zebra, so there was good potential for hunting trips. The gemsbuck and springbuck on the ranch were of exceptionally good trophy quality; most taken by our clients were around 40" and 15" respectively, with occasional gemsbuck bulls of up to 44" and springbuck up to 17 inches.

Gemsbuck horns are generally quite difficult to judge, and at a distance, it is even difficult to tell a bull from a big cow, as they are the same colour and size. The cows' horns are more slender and often longer than the bulls'. A big cow among younger gemsbuck can look like a good trophy. Good binoculars are essential. The horns of younger gemsbuck are greyish in colour with ridges that extend only a short distance up from the bases. Mature gemsbuck horns are shiny black and the ridges extend half-way up from the

bases or higher. Also, the bull's horns are thicker, especially at the bases. The longer the smooth tips, the better the trophy. Seen from the side, bulls have thicker necks and their backs slope down toward the hindquarters more than those of the cows.

I soon learned that gemsbuck are pretty crafty and would head for the hills as soon as they heard shots. Prior to this I had hunted these antelope only in flat country. Now I was amazed at the way they climbed right to the top

*I soon learned
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hills as soon as they
heard shots*

of high, steep hills and mountains. Plenty of very good trophy bulls, plus some exceptional ones, were among the herds, and I was looking forward to taking clients out. Kudu were fairly scarce here and not as big as those in the central bushveld and *hochland* areas of Namibia; I would compare our kudu to those of the Eastern Cape.

Before I started booking clients, I hunted a couple of gemsbuck for meat and biltong. I deliberately selected

smaller bulls than most I saw, yet was surprised at their horn-length – both went over 36 inches. I realised that, on average, these desert gemsbuck were considerably bigger than those I'd hunted elsewhere.

Guiding Mark, a Norwegian client, on Boulder Hill ranch, I drove him around for a couple of days, passing up good, representative trophies in search of something exceptional. We saw quite a few springbuck and plenty of cute little bat-eared foxes, plus a few mediocre kudu bulls. On the third day, we were driving along the edge of the open plain when Hendrik pointed out a lone springbuck ram standing about 500m out on the plain. My binoculars revealed it to be a good trophy in good condition, and I told the client so, suggesting we try a stalk.

LEAVING THE vehicle behind some rocks, the client and I walked slowly at an oblique angle as if to pass by him to the right. The ram stood watching, apparently unalarmed, and we managed to get within 200 paces of him. Mark sat down, resting his elbows on his knees, took careful aim and dropped the ram in its tracks. The horns measured just over 16 inches. Back at the house, Hendrik caped it and I cut up the meat for my freezer. Springbuck meat is usually very good and this was no exception. We had the liver and kidneys that night and they were excellent.



Client with first bull.

Mark was not interested in a mediocre kudu trophy, so we concentrated on finding a really good gemsbuck. The herds regularly came down to the saltlicks I'd placed near the water troughs, so we checked these spots every morning and evening. Gemsbuck don't drink every day as a rule, but they regularly lick salt if available. We saw a number of lone animals and some small herds, but no bulls with horns over forty inches.

One day we spotted a herd of about 80 animals and stalked in. As we approached, I spotted a couple of excellent bulls and gave the thumbs-up. It was a long shot so Mark aimed a bit high and the bullet passed above the bull. The herd took off in a cloud of dust and headed straight up into the high hills where they could watch us, so we abandoned that chase.

During the next two days we tried getting close to other groups but they were pretty wide-awake and kept their distance. Eventually, near a lower corner of the ranch, I saw an outstanding bull with a few other bulls standing near a small hill about 500m away. "There's your trophy," I said, "... if we can get close enough." There was very little cover other than a few boulders and a small dry donga passing about 200m from the animals, who already had their beady eyes on us.

I turned the vehicle towards the donga, as if we were heading way to the left, and slowly drove towards the

depression, hoping we could use it to cover our approach on foot. We reached it without spooking the animals but they were still suspiciously watching the vehicle, so we got out on the opposite side and crept into the shallow gully. Hopefully the animals would keep watching the vehicle while we crept along unnoticed.

We sat and waited a few minutes for the gemsbuck to settle down. Soon they began grazing, looking up every now and again. "Right, let's walk slowly along in the donga. Keep low and watch me; when I stop, you stop and keep still," I whispered. Leaving Mark's wife sitting in the vehicle, we set off cautiously and every time one of the animals looked up, we froze. Suddenly the big bull looked up and fastened his eyes on something to our left. I looked over and saw a bat-eared fox running off, which we'd obviously disturbed. "Keep still and let him settle down," I whispered. We sat for a short spell, and then the bull looked away and pretended to graze, but kept raising his head to look in our direction. Each time, we froze.

FINALLY WE GOT WITHIN shooting distance. "Lean over that rock and give him a good shot right in the middle of the shoulder," I whispered, placing my hat on the rock as a rifle rest. At Mark's shot, the bull leapt in the air and took off, dangling a broken front leg. He'd hit too low!

The herd galloped towards a small hill, running past it while the big bull slowly climbed to the top, where he stood looking out. There was no way we could approach him unseen; he'd just run off again, so we walked back to the vehicle and pretended to drive away. Another small hill stood about 400m from this one, so I drove behind it. "Okay, Mark," I said, "we will hide on top of this hill, while Hendrik goes around to the far side of the bull's hill and allows it to see him. Hopefully, the bull will come down and head towards us, offering you a shot."

WE TOOK UP A well-concealed position on the hilltop, while Hendrik set off, using boulders and depressions for cover, giving the gemsbuck a wide berth. Hendrik finally reached the far side of the other hill and showed himself. The plan worked! The bull descended, headed straight towards us then stopped about 150m away. "Right, shoot him at the junction of neck and shoulder, half-way up the body." At the shot, the bull dropped in its tracks. I congratulated Mark and we walked over there. The bull was even bigger than I'd imagined. Back at the lodge the right horn measured 43 inches and the left one almost 44 inches. What a trophy!

Mark had licences for two gemsbuck, so we continued to look for another exceptional trophy. Days later, he shot another bull almost exactly the same size as the first, this second one without any trouble.

I had a few more successful hunts on Boulder Ranch, but then Namibia became independent and the new government rescinded my resident's permit, so I had to sell the property at a loss. ■

Only queries of sufficient novelty or general interest can be published. It is impossible for us to give personal answers. Please TAKE CARE with firearms and ammunition. Magnum has no control over readers' components or techniques and cannot entertain claims of any nature whatsoever.

Air Rifle Barrel

Please advise me whether the air rifle in the accompanying photo is worth the cost of rebarrelling, or should I just buy a new one. – **Allan Bartosch, Eastern Cape**

► The air rifle in the photo looks like a BSA 'Club Special' or 'Long Tom' with the serial number prefix CS. These air rifles were made in .177, .22 and .25 calibres. *Magnum* published an article on them titled "BSA Golden Oldies" in the August 2012 edition – back copies are available.

You do not state what is wrong with the barrel. Air rifle barrels do not normally wear out; pellets are not propelled by burning gas, so there is no heat to burn away the rifling lands, and the soft lead pellets do not create enough friction to cause wear. It is unlikely that the bore will be rusted if the exterior metal is not rusted (though it may need a good scrubbing). If the accuracy is poor, it could be for other reasons, such as damage to the crown (which is easily repaired) or the pellet chamber not aligning properly with the bore. If the air rifle is still in working condition, have a reputable gunsmith examine it, including the spring and piston-seal, which may need replacing. Ask him to check the condition of the barrel and advise you.

Fertilizer

I am getting ready to reload my own cartridges. I have purchased some equipment, and some was given to me, including tins of propellant and a few old cartridges. I do not feel comfortable using the old propellant because I found two identical tins, each containing vastly different-looking powder. How do I safely dispose of the old propellant and cartridges? – **Dieter Chelius, Gauteng**

► To get rid of unwanted powder sprinkle it on your lawn and water the area (it's good nitrate fertilizer). Pull

the bullets of the old cartridges. Special bullet puller tools are available at gun shops, but for just a few rounds, place the loaded round into the shellholder on the ram of your press, and raise it until the bullet appears through the threaded hole where the die would normally be screwed into the press. Using pliers with side-cutters, grasp the parallel sides of the bullet by biting the side cutters into it, then lower the ram. The pliers will stop against the press top; maintain the pliers' grip on the bullet and keep lowering the ram until the bullet pulls free of the case neck. Discard the damaged bullet. De-prime the case and deactivate the old primer(s) by soaking in oil for a few hours, then discard. Sprinkle the powder on the lawn, and store the cases for future use.

S&W .32 Hammerless Revolver

I have inherited a Smith & Wesson .32 Short Hammerless 5-shot revolver. The inscription on the top of the barrel is: S&W CTGF Harrington & Richardson Arms Company, Worcester, Mass, USA, Pat Oct 8, 1896. I also have a .303 BSA hunting rifle. I do not think it is a military firearm that was changed into a sporting model, but a factory made sporting model. The following inscriptions are on the rifle; BSA 1917 SHGT.LE, FTR 1952. Do these firearms have collectors' value? – **Petrus Strümphe, Western Cape**

► Unfortunately these two weapons do not have any collectors value. Andrew Soutar at Classic Arms, who deals with older weapons, said that there is no demand for the S&W in South Africa and that many have been scrapped. Any offer would be a good offer.

The .303 is an ex-military model and not a factory sporter. Factory sporters were not dated. The other give-away is the marking of FTR 1952. It stands for "factory through repair". Your rifle appears to be neatly sporter-

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ized, however, and Andrew estimates it to be worth R2 500-R3 000, if the bore is in a good condition.


Burning Question

I am relatively new to reloading and have read on the Somchem website that they recommend various propellants for reloading the .30-06. I want to reload conventional bullets (PMP), Barnes-X (monolithic) and Barnes TSX. Can you recommend one powder to use for all the different bullet types? – **Dieter Chelius, Gauteng**

► Your best choice is S365. Somchem provides data for conventional and Barnes-X bullets with this powder. Start with the minimum loads as indicated in the Somchem booklet and work up. For reloading data on the TSX we refer you to the Barnes-X website where they give a load with IMR 4350 powder, which is in the same burning-rate class as S365. Take the minimum IMR4350 load, subtract 5%, and use this as your start load.

Ruger No1 Value

What is the current value of a second-hand Ruger No1 in 300WM? It has a Timney trigger and a Leupold scope mounted. – **Jacque Prins, Western Cape**

► A Ruger No1 in .300WM, excluding scope, would most probably fetch about R10 000 to R12 000 today, assuming good condition. 

For Sale

■ Sauer 202 Elegance 8x68, 40x rounds fired, R45,000; Sauer 202 Classic 6.5x55, 15x rounds fired, R28,000. Johan 082-811-0031 (012).

■ Man Magnum magazines, 1976 to date, to be collected, R500; 30x Kynoch .500NE, 3" cartridges, in original boxes, R2700. Anton 011-873-8230, 083-610-0983.

■ .300H&H Nosler and PMP brass, never fired; .458Win Dumoulin hunting rifle, almost brand-new, R15,000. Send sms to André 082-304-9082 (013).

■ Remington 700-BDL cal. 270 rifle, Kahles 2x7 VAR, EAW mounts, accurate, excellent condition, 125x rounds, extra components, dies, R19,000. 011-883-6032.

■ New brass: 40x .30-06sprg Lapua, R14/ea; 50x .375H&H Norma, R32/ea; 50x .308Win Nosler Custom, R15/ea. Theo 082-466-4006 (012).

■ .270 Winchester Mod 54, good condition, one owner only. Offers? 082-782-2972 (053).

■ Tikka M695 cal. .30-06, mint condition, with Lynx 3-9x42 scope, R14,000. 011-888-2692, 079-274-1922.

■ Schwarzer rifle Mauser System 9.3x64, excellent condition, R10,000. Hans 083-301-4535 (032).

■ .308 koeëls: 168gr PMP; 165gr Nosler Ballistic Tip; 168gr Berger VLD. Plus posgeld. 082-493-0904 (022).

■ Leupold Vari-X 2.5x8 Compact scope, never used, R3500. Dan 018-788-5905.

Wanted

■ Collector seeks any firearms manufactured by FN, Browning, Colt, Winchester, Marlin, any condition. Charles 082-447-8131 (031).

■ Kaliber .44 swart buskruit Colt Army Replika revolver. Frans 084-311-5781 (039).

■ .450 BPE 3¼" brass, willing to pay good money. Michiel 083-631-6749 (011).

■ Ruger #1 rifle in .45-70 calibre. Jan Myburgh 082-392-2534, 012-529-8350.

■ Sako Deluxe or Varmint in .223Rem, .260Rem, .308Win, prefer models M591 or 75. Only rifles in original, outstanding condition. 083-281-0295 (012).

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Lord Roberts

THE ANGLO-BOER War Museum in Bloemfontein has opened a new exhibition called the "Lord Roberts Hall". The exhibition focusses, mainly by means of photos, on the British involvement in the war and consists of, *inter alia*, documents showing statistics of casualties on the British side, the cost of the war to British taxpayers at the time, the number of horses killed and information on the involvement of the British fleet in the war. An item of particular interest is the pen with which Lord Kitchener signed the Vereeniging Peace Treaty.

— André Grobler

Yellow Boy

GREGOR WOODS' article on a picked-up .44 rimfire case created much reader interest and subsequent letters, photographs and stories about the Winchester model 1866 Yellow Boy. On a recent kudu hunt, a fellow hunter, Anton, showed us the remains of this Yellow Boy that was dug up in the Kirkwood area many years ago. Aside from the brass receiver the only other part remaining was a badly rusted barrel that has since been lost. But there is more to this story. My friend Jason, who was also on the hunt,



Barrel Obstruction

WHEN A FRIEND and I were preparing to shoot an old Winchester lever-action rifle our test was halted by the appearance of a rather unusual guest. Opening the breech to feed a cartridge in by hand so as to check the fit, my friend found that the reload would not chamber. There appeared to be some sort of obstruction. Imagine our surprise when out crawled a *songololo*

(millipede). The night before our shoot, my friend had laid the rifle down on his work bench, while he searched around for a suitable scabbard. We can only assume the millipede had crawled down the barrel while his back was turned or was perhaps already in the gun bag where it decided the barrel would be a more comfortable residence. It just proves once again the importance of checking your barrel before firing a gun. — Robin Barkes



then produced a fired .44 rimfire case discovered on his family farm in the Elands River Valley. The old case, also seen in the picture, clearly bore the tell-tale dual firing pin strikes and the famous H head-stamp. On examining the case Anton then recalled that he had once picked up two similar cases in the Jansenville area. These widely distributed cases would indicate that the famous Winchester Yellow Boy was used more in the East Cape than originally thought. — Robin Barkes



Langkloof Apple Shoot

SOME 150 shooters from the region gathered for this year's annual "Apple Shoot" at Tjulpies Kraal near Joubertina. The Langkloof Shooting Club's range and clubhouse, situated in a valley with the uninhabited mountains on each side as backstops, were used courtesy of the Kritzinger family. Six different ranges were laid out along the road leading down into the valley. One range had a gong at about 250m and a bunch of thin poles on which apples were placed. Miss the apple and you lose your score (hence the name "Apple Shoot"). Visitors could also take part in a shoot on the miniature .22 range or do some clay pigeon shooting. Someone won the day, but no-one lost. It was a good day for shooters with new friendships forged and old friendships affirmed. – **Ivan Smith**



Left: Entrance gate with apple orchards in background.

Below: View of small-bore range from the clubhouse, with zeroing range behind.



Skryf vir Magnum

MAGNUM WIL LESERS uitnooi om hulle skiet- en jagervarings en kennis met die tydskrif te deel. Dit is belangrik om eers *Magnum* se kantoor te kontak en te vra vir die riglyne vir die skryf van artikels en die neem van foto's. Skakel die kantoor weer voor die skryf van 'n artikel en vind uit of daar nie reeds artikels is wat handel oor die onderwerp waaroor jy wil skryf nie. Indien daar oor 'n jag geskryf word, is dit belangrik om die storie eenvoudig tog interessant en leersaam te maak. Fokus op die jag van een dier, beskryf die jag vanaf die oomblik wat daar in die veld gestap word. Fokus op die jagervaring. Sluit gerus leersame inligting in oor die dier wat gejag word, die omgewing en toerusting wat die storie interessant kan maak. Stuur saam met elke artikel tenminste vier tot vyf relevante foto's bo en behalwe die tradisionele trofee foto. Kontak *Magnum* by mail@manmagnum.co.za of skakel 031-572-6551 vir die riglyne. – **André Grobler**

Eye on the Future

WE AT *MAGNUM* try to keep our readers up to date with the latest developments in the hunting and shooting industry. Doing this sometimes requires our going beyond the call of duty.

This is aptly illustrated by the accompanying photograph showing deputy-editor André Grobler surrounded by umbrellas, yet not a single brolly is shielding him from the blistering heat – the black umbrella was to cast a shadow on the pistol he was attempting unsuccessfully to photograph. Ah, well with practice...




New Rigby Engraver

MASTER ENGRAVER Geoffrey Lignon has joined London gunmaker John Rigby & Co on a full-time basis. Lignon (25) trained at the world famous Liege Gunmaking School in Belgium and said the appointment at Rigby was a dream come true and he was looking forward to contributing to the great guns Rigby is making. "I have been passionate about Africa and its wildlife ever since I was a child. My favourite animals to engrave have always been big game, so it is fantastic for me to work for a company like Rigby." Rigby's Managing Director Marc Newton said he saw a plate by Lignon with a buffalo on it. "This is the best buffalo I have ever seen engraved. Without hesitation, we offered him a job," Newton said. For more information on Rigby visit www.johnrigbyandco.com. – **André Grobler**

Responsible Hunters

THE SOUTH AFRICAN Hunters and Game Conservation Association (SAHGCA) recently affirmed that hunters must put the conservation of nature and natural resources first and foremost. SAHGCA President Dr Gerhard Verdoorn was reacting to events in the wildlife and hunting arena which spurred worldwide condemnation of certain practices; latest of which was the shooting of a collared lion in Zimbabwe. These events have placed the spotlight on hunting and he urged all hunters to refrain from participating in unacceptable hunting and associated practices.

Verdoorn said the association only supports hunting of wild animals in their natural state and in their natural habitat. "SAHGCA members are opposed to the intensive and selective breeding of game animals of all species solely for hunting purposes as it is incompatible with the definition of hunting," he said in a statement. He said efforts to justify the intensive breeding of any species for hunting purposes are none other than defending unacceptable practices. Such practices have already tainted the country's image as a hunting destination. The SAHGCA said South Africa's neighbouring countries are capitalising on its poor image and lure overseas hunters with a promise of free roaming game to be hunted in real safari fashion.

Verdoorn said irresponsible hunting practices do not bode well for the future of hunting. The association called on hunters, professional hunters and outfitters to uphold the principles of responsible hunting. "It is impossible to defend hunting in the wake of recent events in the hunting arena that shook the world. We make no distinction between ungulates and predators in this regard." Verdoorn said should the country hope to sustain hunting for the foreseeable future, hunters need to refocus their practices on responsible hunting of wild animals in their natural state. – **André Grobler** 

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